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LORD SALISBURY AT CARNARVON.

IT was, perhaps, not absolutely necessary for Lord SALISBURY, in his speech at Carnarvon on Tuesday, to refer to the absurd reproaches of community or even identity between his foreign policy and that of Lord GRANVILLE; yet it can hardly be said that he was ill advised in doing so. The unfortunate efficacy of what has been more bluntly than politely called "hard lying" in reference to this matter has been demonstrated over and over again during the last ten years, and Lord GRANVILLE brought down a certain amount of castigation on his own head by his utterances the night before. If resistance to the advance of Russia in Asia is the same thing as neglect and almost courting of that advance; if the consolidation and fortification of the North-West frontier of India is the same thing as the disarrangement and the denuding of that frontier; if the upholding and extension of the sovereignty of the QUEEN in South Africa as a protection against the filibustering of a handful of Dutchmen is the same thing as the Majuba convention; and if the countenance given to the League of Peace, of which Austria is the most deeply interested member, is the same thing as hints, or rather open declarations, that Austria is the greatest foe of freedom in Europe, then Lord SALISBURY's foreign policy is the same as the GLADSTONE-GRANVILLE policy. And if not, not; as the schoolbooks say. But the assertion of the identity of scuttle and stand has become such a commonplace with Gladstonians that it is perhaps worth while to contradict it now and then, lest those who say the thing should come honestly to believe it. After all, as no man who knows anything about foreign policy is ever likely to defend Lord GRANVILLE's, it may well be that honest ignorance is at the back of the defence. It requires a surgical operation of a kind not yet invented to get understanding of foreign policy into the heads of genuine admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the effect even of such an operation could only be that they would cease to be Mr. GLADSTONE's admirers.

A newer, and therefore a more noteworthy, form of the same tactics perhaps not merely invited, but positively required, the similar treatment which Lord SALISBURY gave it. He might have compared, though it does not seem that he did compare, the declarations, to which he referred, that the last Reform Bill killed the Conservative party with the new declarations that Mr. RITCHIE's Bill will kill it again. To judge by the assertions of its enemies, Toryism must have even more than the vitality which is popularly attributed to other low and evil organizations in the natural world. We all know how sorely it surprised those who had proclaimed its death by the extension of the county franchise a few months after the execution; and it is at least possible that the wicked squires (who are in a large number, if not a majority, of cases also merchants, lawyers, and practitioners of every profession and most of the higher trades) will also repeat the provoking performance of JOHN BARLEYCORN. Meanwhile it is perfectly certain that, as Lord SALISBURY pointed out, and as all intelligent commentators had pointed out before him, the omnipotence which is supposed to be passing away from the owners of land is an omnipotence about as unlimited as, let us say, the powers of a constitutional monarch or the tyrannical effects of the "Law of Primogeniture." Between the powers of the central departments of Government, on the one hand, and the powers of elected Boards of Guardians, on the other, the margin of positive authority left to justices as justices—though it is apparently thought by some Gladstonians that a squire, merely as a squire, has some strange and fendal privilege—suggests bridges in even another sense than that of Lord SALISBURY's jest. It is about as wide as the

celebrated and uncomfortable Brigg of Dread which the devout Moslem traverses at the Day of Judgment. But here again the assertion is the obvious policy of a party at its wits' end how to accomplish that change of Government which, as Mr. BRIGHT neatly observes, "the disappointed and the hungry are anxiously looking for."

It must further have annoyed certain Gladstonians to find that Lord SALISBURY took up very cordially Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's suggestion—no new or surprising one, of course—that the policy of repression in Ireland is not exhaustive of the Government plans in reference to that country. No rational person believes that it is; but, as in the other cases, a considerable number of people, into whose rationality it is perhaps charitable not to inquire too narrowly lest their reason be established at the expense of their honesty, assert the fact. And, indeed, it is extremely curious and instructive to note how large a part of the time of every Unionist speaker nowadays has to be taken up in simply refuting or contradicting different varieties of those things which no one but Mr. BRIGHT is permitted to describe by their simplest name. No one expects that the people of Ireland can be redeemed from the miserable state in which they have been placed by the instigations of agitators to crime and the continual bribes of the English Government through the agency of coercive methods simply. No one doubts that great part of the discontent in Ireland is due to the unfortunate confinement of the country to one kind of employment only or mainly. It is necessary, in the first place, to establish order, and to see that peaceable and law-abiding citizens shall, at any rate, not incur the risk of the fate of FITZMAURICE or QUIRKE without a considerable and very uncomfortable risk on the other side; that seditious citizens shall not assemble to cheer sedition without a reasonable chance of getting their heads broken if they go too far. But it is undoubtedly necessary to provide good employment as well as to discourage bad. And it may be added that some day or other Government will have to take up the question of Irish local government very seriously indeed. At present the Nationalist corporations which, in some instances, control it are applying the lessons they have learnt in American municipalities to the task of misgovernment and malversation with very remarkable success. They are useful in a way, because they show in comparatively vile bodies what a Parnellite Parliament would do for the whole island; but that experimental usefulness can hardly excuse the long continuance of a gross scandal.

The last part of Lord SALISBURY's remarks which invites comment is the part about Wales itself. Such a meeting as Tuesday's in the most Gladstonian part of the country is of good augury, if it be taken as an augury merely. There is no sort of reason why the Principality should continue to belong to the stupid party of present politics; except that that party, which tempers its stupidity with some practical cunning, has contrived assiduously to court, flatter, and play upon the weakest side of Welsh character and feeling. The heavy vote cast the other day for Mr. LLEWELLYN in the Gower division shows that it is perfectly possible for Welsh Tories who go the right way to work to recover the position which they never need have lost. It is exceedingly unfortunate, no doubt, that the tithe question should have presented itself as a handle, which unscrupulous agitators could work, despite their own knowledge that the grievance is an entirely imaginary one; and it is also unlucky that the extremely modern and, had it been wisely managed, quite manageable Nonconformity of Wales should have been permitted to foster the political Dissenter. The neglect of years, and indeed of centuries, cannot be repaired in a day; but there is nothing, or at least very little, that is irreparable in politics if the repairing of it be set about with due trust in Sir HENRY JAMES's three gods—energy, faith,

and time. Whatever faults they may have, Welshmen are not destitute of intelligence, and it is perfectly easy to make them understand that Particularism of the kind which their seeming flatterers and real ill-wishers press on them must, in the long run, do them far more harm than it can do them good. It is not long since an amiable but unwise Gladstonian, in the fulness of his heart, protested that he wanted "Home Rule for England" as well as for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Let any Welshman think out what this means, and then ask himself if he likes the prospect.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

AT the Quarter Sessions which were held last week almost all the Chairmen abstained, with the approval of their colleagues, from threatening opposition to the Local Government Bill. The consideration of the details of the measure has been generally referred to Committees of Justices, and their Reports will probably contain useful suggestions. The great majority of those who decline to oppose the Bill entirely disapprove of its principles; but men of business accustomed to regard practical results seldom waste their energies in protesting against what they know to be inevitable. It is from a different quarter that the most formidable opposition is to be apprehended. The borough Corporations resent, as might be expected, their novel subordination to the authority of their respective counties. Mr. RITCHIE has prudently consented to extend the list of large towns which are to be erected into counties; and it is almost certain that he will have to make further concessions in the same direction. A population of 100,000 may reasonably be thought to be entitled to municipal independence; but reference to the Census of 1881 seems to furnish but an arbitrary ground of distinction. If Sir E. J. REED is correctly informed, the borough of Cardiff, which is excluded from the list of privileged towns, has now a population of more than 120,000; and for local reasons, it is likely to grow more rapidly than any other town in the kingdom. The inhabitants may reasonably object to be governed in municipal affairs by possible majorities of Welsh-speaking miners from the mountain valleys of Glamorganshire. The same county contains the important town of Swansea, which will advance similar claims to municipal independence. Many other boroughs of the second or third magnitude will be dissatisfied with their proposed position, and their objections will not be discountenanced by their official advisers. The paid staff of a Corporation will not be disposed to allow either ceremonial or practical precedence to the officers of the county in which their borough happens to be situated. Malcontent bodies of townsmen will be more difficult to deal with than disestablished justices, especially as the Courts of Quarter Sessions are but indirectly represented in the House of Commons. It has not been explained whether there is to be any interference with the jurisdiction of borough magistrates.

Some Quarter Sessions Chairmen advised their colleagues to retain, if possible, in another capacity some part of the authority which has hitherto been exercised by their class. Lord SPENCER, at the Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions, appealed more especially to the younger justices, who may with less inconvenience than their elders become candidates for seats in the Local Councils. It is rather desirable than probable that his advice will be generally followed. Perhaps it may be found expedient to allow, in the first instance, another class of competitors to assert their claims. Aspirants to local influence and notoriety will be naturally disappointed if they find that the new governing body consists, in great part, of the same persons who have been superseded by the provisions of the Act. A series of contests in which the gentry might be opposed to candidates of the middle class is, on every account, to be deprecated. The more numerous section of the community would be almost everywhere successful, and political and social divisions would tend to coincide. Mr. MORLEY's speech at Newcastle shows that no exertion will be spared to embitter local feeling by incessant agitation. He objects to the retention by the justices of any part of their present functions, and he proposes to make good municipal government impossible by the institution of parochial Councils. It is not impossible that a short experience may discourage municipal ambition. The inconvenience of attending meetings at the county town will be seriously felt by persons engaged in business.

It is also probable that the almost certain increase of local taxation may suggest to the ratepayers a contrast between the new representatives and the frugal administrators of the past. The country gentlemen will not hesitate to respond to the call, if their services are required. In other departments of local administration members of the bench of justices have, by the choice of elected colleagues, taken a considerable part. Many Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen of Unions are *ex officio* Guardians. In all cases they must have been selected for their posts on the ground of their experience and ability, and perhaps to some extent on account of their comparatively greater leisure. The same result will not necessarily follow in the election of County and District Councillors. The voting power of the constituencies of Boards of Guardians and of Local Boards is more equitably distributed than under the Municipal Corporations Acts, which were necessarily copied in the Local Government Bill.

The absorption of the existing Local Board districts under the provisions of the Bill by the counties or the new districts is, in those parts of the country to which it will apply, a more serious blow to property than the disestablishment of Quarter Sessions. It is in the highest degree reasonable and just that the larger ratepayers should have a larger number of votes than their poorer neighbours. The county vote, like the present borough vote, will be uniform and nominally equal; and consequently it may happen in extreme cases that the local revenue will be raised and spent by the nominees of a majority which pays no direct rate. The Courts of Quarter Sessions, if they had not preferred a dignified reticence, might have defended their privilege of administering the local revenue on the ground that, as landowners, they ultimately bear the main burden of the rates. They have nevertheless judiciously abstained from resisting the divorce of taxation from representation. There can be little doubt that, sooner or later, Mr. MORLEY's proposals will be adopted by the transference of the administration of the Poor Law to the District Councils. The democratic sense of equality is offended by the franchise which at present furnishes a security against extravagance. There is, as Mr. MORLEY shows, an obvious absence of symmetry in the present arrangement; yet perhaps it is better that areas of administration should overlap than that the money of the ratepayers should be intentionally or carelessly squandered. When these points are better understood, there may perhaps be some reaction of feeling, though not of policy, in favour of the squires and their invidious privileges. Any such current of opinion will be more likely to display itself because the justices have offered neither opposition nor remonstrance. They know that their administrative functions would not be enlarged, and that the rural district would be itself entitled to the powers which have long been possessed by the towns. They consequently neither blame nor oppose the Government because it has arrived at the same conclusion. They will have some reason for dissatisfaction if Mr. RITCHIE yields to clamour by depriving the justices of a share in the control of the police and of the appointment of chief constables.

It is nearly certain that under the new system local taxation will be largely increased; but expenditure prudently undertaken for public objects is not necessarily an evil. Courts of Quarter Sessions could not, if they had wished, have emulated the expenditure which has resulted in the accumulation of vast municipal debts. The urban Corporations have much to show for their outlay in the form of local improvements; but some of them have been too sanguine; and facility of borrowing has sometimes encouraged injudicious enterprise. There is a defect in institutions which prevent the application of public funds to useful or remunerative purposes; and the approval of the contributors is, when such questions arise, perhaps the only practicable test of expediency. The consent of the Local Government Board will be, as in the case of Corporations, required before a new loan can be contracted by a County Council. It is assuredly not superfluous to provide some external check on the power of numerical majorities to impose burdens on the larger ratepayers. In some places large additions to local taxation have been found not unpopular where it has been expected that part of the amount would be expended on labour. The opponents of the Preston Docks and of the Manchester Ship Canal assert that both undertakings have been recommended to municipal constituencies in the supposed interest of the working classes. The charge, whether it is well founded or erroneous, indicates a danger which is not imaginary. The deputation which lately waited

on Mr. PLUNKET for the purpose of remonstrating against the low rate of Government contracts openly avowed the principle which the Corporation of Preston is, with or without reason, accused of applying in practice. Mr. BROADHURST with surprising candour denounced the habit which he attributed to the Government of letting contracts on terms which, as he alleged, prevented the engagement of workmen at the highest rate of wages. He openly condemned the economical grounds on which the public departments discharge their obvious duty to the taxpayer. It is not improbable that a democratic Parliament will ultimately concur with the representatives of the workmen, not in consideration of the justice or plausibility of their demand, but as a recognition of their electoral power. The logical consequence of the concession of Mr. BROADHURST's demand will be the establishment of national workshops in accordance with the French precedent of 1848. When the Government undertakes public works, or overpays the workmen whom it employs, County Councils and borough Corporations will almost necessarily follow its example. The ratepayers will then look back with regret to the thrifty and modest administration of the Justices in Quarter Sessions. Perhaps at some remoter period taxation and representation will be once more brought into connexion.

POLICE MAGISTRATES AND POLICE CONSTABLES.

MR. BRIDGE seems to appreciate more clearly than Mr. PARTRIDGE the fact that Sir CHARLES WARREN's myrmidons are also Queen VICTORIA's subjects, and as such entitled to the protection of the criminal law; but it is to be feared that he is not absolutely free—as every magistrate should be—from the taint of the gutter opinion that the evidence of policemen is always to be regarded with distrust, and hardly to be believed when uncontradicted and inherently probable. A man who was charged before him the other day with assaulting a constable in the execution of his duty by kicking him, apparently with considerable roughness, was convicted, which is satisfactory, as the offence seems to have been clearly proved, but was suffered to depart on the easy terms of inducing two persons to become sureties for his keeping the peace in the modest sum of 5*l*. The reason for this leniency was that Mr. BRIDGE thought the policeman might have erroneously supposed the defendant to have been more deeply implicated than he really was in a street disturbance which had been occurring at the time, and might have "moved him on" in consequence of that mistake. It is a curious doctrine that a man in the neighbourhood of, but not in, a row may resent the natural suspicions of the policeman by kicking him in the face. Howbeit, the defendant was convicted, which indicates a healthier condition of the magisterial mind than that which afflicted Mr. PARTRIDGE in the matter of the lawless rescuer of the arrested African recorded a fortnight ago.

The affair of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS and the Wandsworth police is very much more serious. It is imperatively necessary that, in some way or other, this matter should be as far as possible elucidated. Mr. WILLIAMS has expressed himself satisfied that a constable, having made a mistaken charge of assault, supported it by perjury, in which he was backed up by his comrades and by the inspector on duty at the police station, by whom, or some of whom, the prisoner was further assaulted while in custody. The accused policemen have been suspended from duty, and their conduct is now engaging the attention of Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON. In justice to them the whole matter must of course be thoroughly investigated. A large part of the public will await the final result of this investigation with much interest, and, it is to be hoped, without making up their minds about it beforehand too confidently. In the first place, the question would present itself to the student of HUME in the guise of the following somewhat delicate problem—namely, to determine whether it is more probable that an inspector of police and three constables conspired together to oppress the innocent by means of perjury, in order to conceal the fact that one of the constables had made a mistake, or that Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS expressed himself with a degree of haste, want of judgment, and prejudice against the police which render him unfit for the post he holds.

This, of course, is a question of real importance for the people of the Wandsworth and Hammersmith districts, and it will have to be decided one way or the other. If Mr.

WILLIAMS was right, the police ought to be, and probably will be, punished with the utmost severity. If he was wrong, he ought to be relieved of his present functions, which every one would greatly regret for various reasons. The relations between a police magistrate and the police of his district are so close and so constant that, unless they can work together with a considerable degree of mutual confidence, the existing arrangement must be changed, and the only possible way of changing it is the substitution of a different magistrate. If the police of Wandsworth think, rightly or wrongly, that they will not get justice from Mr. WILLIAMS, they will simply refrain from arresting and charging people whom it is their duty to arrest and charge. It is not difficult to imagine the most serious consequences following rapidly from such a state of things. The affair is the more to be regretted because Mr. WILLIAMS's relations with the police in the Greenwich district were not by any means satisfactory.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE Government ought to feel itself flattered, and the Conservative party to be gratified, by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's unqualified approval of the conduct of affairs during the Session. The House of Commons has, he says, under the new Procedure, reverted to its best precedents; and even the Nationalist members have, according to the statement of their unexpected eulogist, observed strict conformity with Parliamentary rules. Having resumed its control of its proceedings, the House has proved its competence for the work of legislation. The routine business is in an unusually forward state, and many important measures are in progress, with every prospect of ultimate success. The conversion of Three per Cent. Stock, the Local Government Bill, and the Budget were in turn enumerated to the admiring Conservatives of Birmingham. A criticism on one of the proposed new taxes showed that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has not lost the faculty of sarcasm; and perhaps his just comment on the bottled-wine duty may have pleased any Free-trader who may have been present at the meeting. There were perhaps also a few Conservatives who wondered why so eminent an optimist should have separated himself from an almost faultless Administration. A year ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's secession seemed to be partially explained by the tone and tendency of his public speeches; but since that time either the Government has made good all its shortcomings, or its habitual critic has become more tolerant, if less severely just. His version of past events and his anticipations of the future could not be more cheerful if his party had just emerged in triumph from a general election. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would scarcely agree with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in his claim on behalf of the Conservatives to the allegiance of the Unionists who perhaps form a majority of the Birmingham constituencies. The opposition of the Liberal Caucus was passed over with silent contempt. It is natural and right that a professed Tory should recognize the merit and the resources of his own party, especially as the Liberal-Unionists are able and willing to expatiate on their own services to the common cause. Lord RANDOLPH allows them only the modest function of checking excessive confidence which might tempt the Government into neglect or indolence. They may congratulate themselves on having risen in the estimation of their lively critic. No long time has passed since Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL treated the Liberal contingent as a mere incumbrance on the Unionist alliance. When his political position is more fully consolidated, he will probably be less ready to disclose rapid changes of opinion. His consistency has hitherto been confined to uniformity of method and of temper in dealing with different sides of great questions.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL still adheres to the creed which is vaguely described as a belief in Tory democracy. The notion, if not the name, was invented by Mr. DISRAELI, who perhaps sincerely thought that he had made a valuable political discovery. At the date of the Reform Bill of 1867 he had persuaded himself that there was a stratum of Conservative feeling below the shopkeeping constituencies of 1832. It is certain that he was surprised and disappointed by the result of the experiment at the first election held under the new franchise. The great body of ratepayers proved itself in 1868 more Radical than the ten-pound householders; but when the accumulated blunders of Mr.

GLADSTONE'S first Administration produced the reaction of 1874, sanguine Conservatives began to think that their leader's judgment had been sounder than their own. Tory democracy was supposed to have come to an ignominious end when Mr. GLADSTONE returned to power with an overwhelming majority; but Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who was then beginning a political career of his own, picked up the discarded title, and he may perhaps succeed better with it than its original author. The phrase may apply to democratic measures proposed or supported by the Tory party, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has some reason to represent the Local Government Bill as an acceptance of his own political doctrine. If he could induce the democracy to support Tory principles he would accomplish a more difficult task. He has scarcely an equal or a rival in the art of conciliating a popular assembly. His indifference to consistency may probably have been aggravated by his knowledge that multitudes have short memories. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S eloquence and energy, and the sincerity of his convictions at the moment, are not the less appreciated by his numerous admirers because he may not yet have settled down into some regular course of political action. It is satisfactory to find that he at present gives a hearty support to the Conservative Government, and it is to his credit that he abstained for once from denouncing the expenditure of the War Office and the Admiralty. It would, perhaps, be unfair to inquire whether he at last shares the general conclusion that he made a mistake in resigning office. When he next enters a Cabinet he will probably have learned the necessity of deference to the judgment of his colleagues. Devotion to Tory democracy need not stand in his way. The words will admit of a convenient variety of interpretations.

The wide difference between abstract theories and legislative or administrative measures is well illustrated by some of the consequences of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S retirement. His appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was generally and rightly regarded as a paradoxical selection. It was not a sufficient reason for placing the finances of the country in the hands of a novice that his immediate predecessor had been as notoriously deficient as himself in special knowledge. He had the advantage of being younger than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who is equally clever, and perhaps, therefore, he might have learned his business more quickly. There could be no doubt of his general intelligence or of his aptitude; but it is impossible to believe that he could have conducted such an operation as the conversion of the Three per Cents. Lord SALISBURY took occasion in his speech at Bangor to pay compliments both to his present and his late colleague; but it would have been absurd to compare them in fitness for the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The only reference which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made to economical considerations consisted in a judicious warning against the concession to the County Councils of undue facilities for contracting debt. He suggested that it might be advisable to submit to a Select Committee of the House of Commons every proposal on the part of a municipal authority to raise a loan. The Bill, as it is drawn, provides a security against the risk of undue burdens on the local finances. Before it can contract a loan the Council must obtain the sanction of the Local Government Board. This department will probably prescribe the general conditions on which the Councils will be allowed to borrow, and it will also exercise a discretion in each particular case. As Lord SALISBURY said, there is little risk of extravagance in the employment of annual income. An efficient check on the exercise of borrowing powers will be sufficient for the purpose of enforcing economy. At the same time, it must be remembered that the professed object of the Local Government Bill was to transfer to municipal bodies the greater part of the powers and duties which have been hitherto reserved by Parliament. A minute and stringent interference with their discretion would create not unreasonable disappointment. If the Councils are to engage in large undertakings, their rating powers will not be sufficient for the purpose. It may be necessary to require in all cases of borrowing the sanction of the Board; but when the amount of proposed loans is small, and when the proposed outlay is obviously useful or necessary, no vexatious opposition would be expedient.

It was not unnatural that the prophet of Tory democracy should claim for himself or his creed the merit of having obtained a large concession in the municipal franchise which has been proposed by the Government. As it happens, the question was virtually decided before Tory democracy had been born or christened. There could be no sufficient reason

for rejecting, in the case of counties, the suffrage which had for fifty years been established in boroughs. Lord SALISBURY explained the grounds on which he disapproved of the introduction of *ex officio* members. They could scarcely propose themselves as candidates for election when they had already seats in the Council. As associates of elected members they would have occupied an invidious position, and probably they would have found themselves in a permanent minority. If those justices who have really managed county business become successful candidates for seats in the Council, Lord SALISBURY'S Government will in a certain sense have made a concession to Tory democracy. The other kind of democracy now represented by Mr. ILLINGWORTH and his associates will in the present instance not be formidable. Mr. CHAPLIN as the spokesman of the country gentlemen, who are none of them democrats, will accept the Bill, though some of his friends may not really like its provisions. The attempt which Lord SALISBURY described of the ultra-Radicals to discredit the measure by their adhesion appears to have been abandoned. It is now to be opposed, though scarcely by the leaders of the Liberal party, on the ground that it is not sufficiently democratic. The protest of a faction will perhaps reconcile any malcontent Conservatives who may dissent from the general opinion of their party to a measure which is at least not so obnoxious as Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S demands. The Tory democracy in the person of its chief or only representative has already adhered to the policy of the Government. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has on this and on other occasions cleared himself from the suspicion which was raised by his unwise retirement from office. It is now known that his expressed reasons, however insufficient, were the same which really determined his conduct. He has not indicated any purpose of deserting his party; and, indeed, he is able, in his detached position, to give it independent support. It may be hoped that in due time he will become tired of wasting his considerable powers by separating himself from his natural allies and possible colleagues. Events have proved that he is not indispensable to his party; and the co-operation of an organized party is indispensable to every candidate for political success.

SI VIS ME FLERE—

THE author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, unbosoming himself concerning the secrets of his art to the austere young readers of *Atalanta*, was rash enough, after quoting the example of GEORGE ELIOT (who, it is currently reported, "actually wept over her own creations"), to inquire if anybody exists who supposes that "a moving situation was ever yet depicted the writing of which did not cost the writer anguish and tears!" By this time, we should say, the iron has entered into his soul, and he must incline to wish that he had kept his curiosity to himself. 'Tis an age of *plébiscites*, and it presently occurred to the Editor of the *New York Critic* to put the question to America's greatest novelists all round, and in this way collect a set of data which should settle the matter once and for evermore. The result is curious and instructive.

MARK TWAIN, who can hardly have done much weeping over his published works, replies to the Editor of *The Critic* with a "simple 'Yes'"; Dr. EGLESTON "cannot imagine that any author capable of creating a work of art ever shed tears over his own inventions—that is, if he were not in his cups"; a third writer "privately proclaims 'Mr. BESANT'S contention 'bosh'"; Mr. T. B. ALDRICH will "take HORACE'S word for a thousand pounds"; Mr. CHARLES BARNARD has not only "been moved to not unmanly tears over the imaginary trials of an imaginary girl," but also has "seen many an audience furtively wipe its collective eye" at the end of the third act.

Perhaps the most learned and eloquent of the Besantine-Horatian faction is Miss (or Mrs.) BAYLOR (FRANCES COURTENAY), who writes at some length and with a certain parade of other tongues than her own. "I am very glad," says this accomplished L.L., "to be able to say that I agree with Mr. WALTER BESANT, who agrees with HORACE, and 'so' (she adds with a solemnity that is none the less imposing for being a trifle obscure) "by another remove to place myself as far as possible from all conflict with august authorities of unknown powers, besides shifting the responsibility where it belongs, has been assumed, and can well be supported, and preventing"—here the lady unexpectedly grows

prudent—"all complications with another powerful shade, "DIDEROT." She is sure that "HOMER wept over the "Iliad"; she "knows" that when THACKERAY killed THOMAS NEWCOME he had, if anybody were in the room with him, "to invent a most terrible fib to account for the tears "that dimmed his honest eyes"; she supports her case with an anecdote about DICKENS, a reference to "all the "humourists from ARISTOPHANES to LAMB," and a quotation (in the original) from ESPRONCEDA. Mrs. BURNETT agrees with HORACE, too, but she does so quite simply and in five lines of type. Another Horatian is Mr. CABLE, who opines that, though "writing is one thing; playing—acting—is "another," DIDEROT and Mr. BESANT are both right, and neither actor nor author can draw tears down the iron cheek of his public, till themselves have wept on their own account. Miss WOOLSON "agrees with HORACE "with all my heart," and instances THACKERAY, GEORGE ELLIOT and TURGUENEFF—"in my estimation the greatest "of modern novelists"—as cases in point. "I am pleased "to say," writes Mr. TROWBRIDGE, "that I agree entirely "with HORACE"; and he proceeds, by way of justification, to relate that "HAWTHORNE wrote *The Scarlet Letter* with "perfect self-control," but that when he came to read it to his wife "even his granite nature was broken up and melted "by it." This is also the experience of Mr. NOAH BROOKS, whose "work has not been largely directed to the depicting "of moving situations," and to whom "the emotion has come "afterwards," when, says he, with as it were an austere confusedness, "with the critical coolness of a disinterested "reader, I have scanned my own lines." Mr. ROBERT GRANT, while admitting that "authors should undoubtedly "have broad sympathies," is yet prepared to believe that "not "many become either lachrymose or hilarious over their own "creations." Mr. R. M. JOHNSTON gives quite a learned little lecture on the *Epistle to the Pisos*, and "suspects that "Mr. BESANT may have interpreted HORACE's meaning too "literally." Mr. SIDNEY LUSKA thinks that "HORACE told "just one half the truth," inasmuch as—"practically"—he "has to chop himself into two." Mr. SIDNEY LUSKAS, one to feel and the other to write; Mr. STIMSON, bringing down HORACE and DIDEROT at a single shot, opines that "the "Maker and the Mummer do not work alike"; while Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, greatly daring, admits that while he "knows nothing of these esoteric matters," he can so far put himself in the position of his own public as to surmise "that the evolution of tragic principles would be attended "by a distinctly pleasurable emotion—and *vice versa*."

GOSSIP IN EXCELSIS.

THE foreign correspondence columns of most European journals during the end of last week and the whole of this have presented a spectacle peculiarly tempting to any one who plies, or wishes to ply, the dreadful and disgusting trade of the cynic. *La haute politique* often condescends to curious occupations; but she has not often condescended lower than to the gossip which during all the time just mentioned has been concocted and discussed about the "CHANCELLOR crisis." The first announcement, that Prince BISMARCK was going to resign because the German EMPEROR proposed to allow his daughter to marry somebody whom she is supposed to regard with affection, might have been thought piquant enough even for a generation which has invented Society papers. But this plain matter of fact, or of something not wholly different from fact, only stirred the activity of the gossips to new efforts. We have been told exactly how many folio sheets of paper were required by Prince BISMARCK to state his objections to the marriage of Princess VICTORIA of Prussia to Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg. One industrious purveyor of tittle-tattle has gone so far as to set himself (it is true without any apparent prospect of coming to any answer) the really interesting sum in Rule of Three or Rule of Four, if it takes a hale old diplomatist thirty pages to write to an Emperor with a tube in his larynx, how many days may reasonably be expected to elapse before the Emperor replies to the diplomatist? Nay, this comparatively harmless, if somewhat disgusting, chatter has been outdone by the impertinent fibbing which has represented a German Empress and an English Princess Royal as a kind of Mrs. PROUDIE, requested to "leave the room" while her Imperial husband talked to Prince BISMARCK. And somebody seems to have thought the contemptible babble worthy, not only of a formal contradiction, but of an elaborate explanation of the circumstances, with the aid of

which the Mrs. CANDOUR or the BACKBITE in question fabricated his or her slander. Such things are, of course, to be expected from the caterers for vulgar appetite, who alternate between the abuse of monarchy as an institution and the painful collection and retailing of the smallest trifles that may gratify snobbish curiosity as to Royal persons; but the conductors of respectable and important newspapers might have been expected to show a little more discretion. All the more might this have been expected as, after all, the amount of certain knowledge communicated is extremely small; and the tattlers confess themselves unable to say whether, in their own language, the EMPRESS or the CHANCELLOR has prevailed.

It would be pleasant if all this chatter could be dismissed as being not less unimportant and unsubstantial than it is undignified and uncertain. That, however, can unluckily not be done. There is enough practically confessed in the matter to make a certain amount of certainty possible. Nor can it be said that any one comes well out of the affair except the two persons whose happiness (as the phrase goes) is principally concerned, and who are, of course, to be consoled with *simpliciter*, and the Royal and Imperial ladies whose names have been dragged into the affair. For the gossips and scandal-mongers who have magnified it and gloated over it no language is too strong. They are among the not very numerous orders of creature which give some faint colour to the Manichæan heresy. But, unless Prince BISMARCK has been suffering evil to be imputed to him with extraordinary patience, he has himself behaved by no means well. Nor yet is it possible for any tolerably fair-minded critic, however little he may love Russia, to think that the project of the alleged marriage at the alleged time was judicious or statesmanlike. The conduct of the CZAR to the sometime Prince of Bulgaria is one of the basest and most disgraceful chapters of recent history, and the black of it was not made white by Prince ALEXANDER's pusillanimous apologies and his more pusillanimous abdication. The motives which prompted the CZAR to act as he did act were baser, though not more criminal, than the action which resulted from them. That is agreed by every one except Russian enthusiasts and Russian hirelings. But whether the CZAR is a bad man for hating and persecuting Prince ALEXANDER or not, it is certain that he does hate and persecute Prince ALEXANDER. And, this being so, that a Prussian Princess should be given to Prince ALEXANDER immediately after the death of her grandfather, and as almost the first act of the new reign in Germany, would, as matters are understood between Continental sovereigns, be a distinctly disobliging act to the CZAR, if it did not signify direct defiance of him. It is all very well to desire and applaud the annihilation of diplomatic and dynastic space, time, and etiquette in order to make two lovers happy. But Prince BISMARCK might very well say, "If that is the way your Majesty "carries out the sentiments of my famous speech on the "Army Bill, all I can say is that my duty as a gentleman "makes it impossible for me any longer to direct the foreign "policy of the Empire. I cannot hold out an elaborate "olive-branch to Russia one moment and flick her in the "face with it the next." And, however glad any one might be to see the necessary and inevitable antagonism between Germany and Russia express itself, he ought to see that such an expression must have consequences.

At the same time the way in which the PRINCE has at least allowed it to be supposed that he has acted shows him at his worst in every respect except cleverness; while it does not require even very much cleverness to get the better in a fight when you have any amount of fighting weight to spare and are utterly careless whether you hit below the belt or not. Prince BISMARCK's admirers as well as his enemies have been saying, in accents of admiration or disgust as the case may be, that he was determined to force on a match with another person whose influence with the present EMPEROR was popularly believed to rival his own, and that he has selected this particular question for the purpose. And so much is certain that, whether the occasion was of his seeking or not, the *esclandre* at least could hardly have taken place without a certain amount of what can only be called connivance on his part. Nobody else had any interest in making the thing public; and, if some singular indiscretion on the other side had let it out, it would have been easy for the PRINCE to guide the incident into a very different course, if either his good feeling or his good taste had equalled his great abilities and his dauntless courage. But neither good taste nor good feeling is largely present as an element in what somebody calls the German

paste, and Prince BISMARCK, great man as he is in many ways, has about as little of them as any man living.

As usual, in these cases of personal politics, the really political consequences are likely to be smaller than is expected, or at least than some persons affect to expect. Supposing the tale to be in the main true, no one can suppose that, though Russia has apparently scored a point by the renewed intervention of her "Fourth Plenipotentiary," she has gained any real advantage by it. She has served the CHANCELLOR as a stick to beat somebody else with; but in such cases a man is not particularly grateful to the stick, nor should the stick be particularly grateful to him. Such public feeling as has been aroused on the same side in Germany has been aroused, not in the least on behalf of Russia, but by quite different and well-understood motives. If any august personages have had their desires frustrated in this matter, and have been compelled to yield to Russian sensibilities because of Prince BISMARCK's threats, they may owe Prince BISMARCK no very great grudge, but their affection for the Power which the PRINCE ostensibly champions is not likely to be kindled. The PRINCE himself, after making this effort for Russia, will expect repayment of some kind—of course to Germany, not to himself—and may very well say at the next pinch that he cannot be always fighting Russian battles. And last, but not least, the German people, according to historical experience and anthropological probability, are not likely, in the long run, whatever sentiments or prejudices may have been skilfully played on in such an affair, to relish the idea of Russian susceptibilities playing the first part in the settlement and decision of German matters.

JETTISON JUSTICE.

THE administration of the criminal law ought before all things to be speedy and certain. The case which Mr. FENWICK brought under the notice of the House of Commons on Tuesday deserved attention and fully justified the course which he took in moving the adjournment of the House. The HOME SECRETARY, as Mr. FENWICK admitted, was not to blame, and had no responsibility whatever in the matter. But the magistrates and police at Alnwick must have committed between them a rather stupid and very unfortunate blunder. Two men, named JOHN DOUGLASS and JOSEPH WOLFENDALE, were convicted at Alnwick on the last day of the year 1886 for having in their possession without sufficient excuse some timber recovered from a shipwreck on the coast. They were fined two pounds each, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. They could not pay, but they were not at that time sent to gaol. Last month, considerably more than a year after the sentence had been passed, they were suddenly arrested, and are now in prison. The time allowed them to pay the fine was a month, but fourteen months elapsed before the alternative penalty was enforced. There was then a strike in operation, and of course the Northumbrian miners are saying—very likely without foundation, but naturally enough—that they were finally apprehended at the instigation of their employers. The facts, as set forth by Mr. FENWICK, and not substantially disputed by Mr. MATTHEWS, scarcely seem to have called for more than a caution and a reprimand. On the 21st of December, 1886, a vessel was stranded on the coast of Northumberland. The miners and fishermen came down to assist in saving the crew. The timber with which the ship had been loaded was jettisoned or thrown into the sea for the purpose of lightening her and getting her off more easily. Then the fishermen and the miners parted company, and it must be admitted that the fishermen followed the more prudent course of the two. They stacked their timber on the Ratcliff links. The miners took theirs home and there left it in full view of the public eye. It might naturally be supposed that if an individual miner wanted to steal some of this timber he would have privately removed what he could get to his house, and disposed of his spoil in a quiet way at the first convenient opportunity. The open and concerted action of the whole body seems to show either that they appropriated the cargo in ignorance, or that they had no intention of appropriating it at all, though it is fair to say that there was a suggestion that the miners had helped themselves from the fishermen's stacks. The magistrates were probably bound to convict, but they might well have contented themselves with ordering the restoration of the wood and the payment of costs. To fine a working-man

more than a pound is practically a sentence of imprisonment. Mrs. WOLFENDALE did, indeed, offer an instalment of twenty shillings, which she afterwards increased to thirty-five, but it was not accepted, and suddenly, on a warrant dated the 1st of March, the two culprits were seized in their own homes at an early hour of the morning. There must be very little serious crime in Northumberland.

Mr. FENWICK's own Parliamentary position is so insecure that it would not be altogether surprising if he created opportunities of pushing himself to the front. The recent vote of the miners to continue his salary and Mr. BURT's was passed by a very small majority, and is directly in the teeth of a previous decision. Threatened men not only live long, but are apt to live fast. In this case, however, Mr. FENWICK cannot be accused of obstruction, and no such charge was ever made against Mr. BURT during the many years he has sat in Parliament. The very brief space of time occupied by the discussion of Mr. FENWICK's motion was by no means in excess of what the subject fairly required, and, as Tuesday belonged entirely to private members, the Government had no interest in the order of business. The HOME SECRETARY made what defence he could for the magistrates and the police, who are not under his control, and of whom he need not have made himself the advocate. Mr. MATTHEWS did, in fact, read a statement drawn up by the magistrates' clerk, which explained nothing except what did not require explanation. The men were, it appears from this document, prosecuted by the Receiver of Wrecks, under the proper section of the Criminal Law Consolidation Act of 1861, for having illegal possession of "articles belonging to a ship or vessel in distress, wrecked or stranded." They might have been fined twenty pounds each; they were only fined two pounds. The Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879 gives the justices power to extend the time for payment, and this course was taken by the justices of Alnwick in favour of the defendants. "One of the oldest and most experienced of the Metropolitan police magistrates" told Mr. MATTHEWS that the same thing was often done in London, and certainly the public have long ceased to be surprised at anything which a London magistrate does. In this case the two prisoners told a police-sergeant that they would rather go to gaol at once than remain for an indefinite period in suspense; but this communication the worthy sergeant did not give himself the trouble to forward. The result is that more than a year from the commission of their offence, and just as they are getting employment after a strike of seventeen weeks, WOLFENDALE and DOUGLASS find themselves put under lock and key. It is a cruel thing to administer the law in this arbitrary and capricious manner. The Receiver of Wrecks was quite right to prosecute, especially as notices had been published in the neighbourhood to warn people against carrying off the cargoes of stranded vessels. The fault lies with the magistrates and police for making an unreasonable use of reasonable powers. Although Mr. FENWICK withdrew his motion at the suggestion of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. MATTHEWS will, if he is wise, order the immediate release of the men.

IRELAND.

IT is not for the despised Saxon to teach the Irish agitator his business, and the sentiments therefore which his later tactics are calculated to inspire on this side of St. George's Channel ought no doubt to find only diffident expression. But thought is free, as a profound thinker has remarked, and we cannot doubt but that the Parnellite performances of Sunday last in Ireland have excited in most English bosoms a feeling of profound if respectful wonder. It has been usual among the more thorough-going Gladstonian patrons of Irish anarchy to swagger about the immense numerical superiority of the forces of disorder over those of order in Ireland, and to boast that it was only through the admirable forbearance of an injured but self-controlled people that the "coercion policy" was possible at all. The LORD-LIEUTENANT proclaims a meeting in this or that part of Ireland; but, say our Gladstonians, it is only by bringing large forces of police and soldiery to the spot that he is able to make his proclamation respected. What would he do if Nationalist meetings were to be announced and to get themselves proclaimed in a number of different places at once? If this operation were carried out on a sufficiently large scale he

would find himself at the end of his constabulary, if not of his military resources, and what would he do then? This has appeared a very telling inquiry to a certain portion of the English Parnellite press; and hitherto we had always admired the wisdom of the Irish Parnellites themselves in being content to echo the question with a "What indeed?" without making any attempt to put the Irish Executive upon their answer. This, however, is exactly the attempt which they seem now to have made in a mild way on Sunday last. It could only have been due to concerted action on the part of the leading agitators that so many meetings at so many different places were all fixed for the same day. At Kanturk, at Macroom, at Ennis, at Scariff, at Kilrush, at Miltown-Malbay, and at Loughrea, advertisements had been put forth inviting the attendance of the people on Sunday at the performance of various London "stars." Mr. HEALY and Mr. FLYNN were announced to appear at the first of these places, and Dr. TANNER at the second; DAVITT was "billed" for the third, and Mr. COX for the fourth; the fifth and sixth were to be respectively signalled by the presence of Mr. JOHN REDMOND (not the melodramatic brother) and Mr. ABRAHAM; while at the last-mentioned place the celebrated Mr. O'BRIEN was to tread the boards. All these entertainments were forbidden by proclamation; energetic attempts were in every case made to hold them; but not in a single instance did any of them come off. Mr. HEALY was easily caught and suppressed at Kanturk; Dr. TANNER, who "is stated to have held a meeting in a field at 4 A.M.," was unable to repeat even this ridiculous feat two hours later, and was conveyed to his hotel by two policemen when he attempted to hold a real meeting at two in the afternoon; DAVITT's performance at Ennis was stopped, though here the breaking of a head or two supplied the plot for a later theatrical performance at Westminster, and Mr. REDMOND's at Kilrush was disposed of on the same terms. At Scariff Mr. COX's was quietly snuffed out; the assemblage got together at Miltown-Malbay by Mr. ABRAHAM and Mr. JEREMIAH JORDAN had three minutes given them to disperse, and did it in the time, perhaps beating the record; and though at Loughrea Mr. O'BRIEN spoke "for fully ten minutes," it was to a meeting who throughout that space of time were being actively dispersed. We can only repeat that, were it not for our conviction that the Irish agitator knows his business, we should have thought it the height of folly on his part to show his countrymen with what perfect ease, in this matter of suppressing meetings, the Irish Constabulary can carry out the orders of the Executive in seven different districts at once.

To turn to more important matters than these, we have to record a continuance of the successes of justice in the battle with Irish agrarian crime. Two of the perpetrators of another of those cruel and cowardly murders which have disgraced County Kerry have been convicted at the Wicklow Assizes. The crime of which JAMES KIRBY and PATRICK CURNANE have been guilty is now five months old, and the recollection of its circumstances may have in many minds become indistinct. It was the murder of an old man named PATRICK QUIRKE, of Liscahane, near Tralee. His house was entered early one morning last November by Moonlighters, who dragged him from his bed and shot him in the leg. QUIRKE lingered for a few hours in agony and then died. His offence, if we recollect rightly, was that of having been caretaker on a farm upon which there had been an eviction. The man KIRBY who was tried for this crime last Saturday was, after three hours' deliberation on the part of the jury—a time less likely to have been spent, perhaps, in weighing the merits of the prisoner's case than in considering the safety or otherwise of convicting him—found guilty. PATRICK CURNANE's trial was concluded last Wednesday, the jury in this case arriving at their verdict after a retirement of only forty minutes, and recommending the prisoner to mercy on account of his youth and position. Both were sentenced to death; and we can see no reason why the sentence should not be carried out in the one case as in the other. The age of the victim may well be set against the youth of the murderer. English juries, however, are often not less weak in their recommendations to mercy, and the fact that Irish juries no longer shrink from giving the verdicts which their oaths dictate on the main question of guilt or innocence is of itself gratifying enough to excuse any minor hesitations. What remains to be done, now that the juries have recovered courage, is to support those other servants of justice who always run the greater danger of the two—the witnesses for the prosecution.

We expressed a hope the other day that the girl NORAH FITZMAURICE, whose evidence brought her father's murderers to justice, would be protected from the treatment inflicted upon the CURTIN family; and it seems that the warning was not unneeded. It has been found necessary to make an "appeal to the justice and benevolence of the loyalists of 'Great Britain and Ireland'" on behalf of this girl and of her mother and sister. The lives of FITZMAURICE's widow and daughters are, it appears, in so much danger that they are continually guarded by police. They find it impossible to get a labourer to work for them, and have not funds to employ men from a distance. Subscriptions are accordingly solicited, and will, we trust, be liberally forthcoming for this unfortunate family. But this case is not one to be dealt with by private benevolence alone; it is a matter of concern to public justice also, and as such demands the instant attention of the Government. By proper action on the part of the police with the view to the procuring of evidence it has been found possible to apply the boycotting clauses of the Crimes Act with very salutary effect in other parts of Ireland. Why is no effort made to put them in operation in the neighbourhood of Listowel?

And while on this subject we may add that examples of this offence appear to be cropping up in parts of Ireland which certainly ought to be kept free from it. The case of JOHN CROWE, of Blacklion, in the county of Fermanagh, is almost as bad in its way as the worst which occurred at Woodford at the time when Mr. MORLEY admitted guardedly that "a bad state of feeling" prevailed there. CROWE, who has long been boycotted by the League, and whose house was the object some time ago of an attempt at arson, has recently lost his daughter, for whom he could obtain no nurse during her illness, and whose funeral he only succeeded in carrying out after the usual difficulties. His persecution having lasted for two years he has at last given way. He had been in possession of a little farm from which the tenant had been evicted, but a fortnight ago he gave up the land and informed the local branch of the League to that effect. He was, however, actually told that he would not be pardoned by them unless he relinquished all claim to a sum of 40*l.* awarded him by the Fermanagh Grand Jury for the malicious burning of his dwelling. The unfortunate man was allowed a fortnight to choose between his 40*l.* and a League ticket, and by this time probably has, no doubt, submitted to his tyrants' terms. It is a serious matter to meet with such a state of things as this in a northern county; and it seems to suggest that the powers of the Crimes Act are enforced with less vigour in that part of Ireland where surely it is for obvious reasons desirable that the Act should be administered as energetically as possible—namely, in the province of Ulster. We confess, too, that we should like to see more prosecutions instituted generally throughout Ireland for the offence of boycotting. The Radical predictions of the failure of these provisions have been absolutely falsified in every case, so far as we are aware, in which proceedings have been taken under them; and we find it difficult to understand why operations so successful thus far have not been more systematically pursued.

THE CASE OF MAJOR TEMPLER.

THE acquittal of Major TEMPLER was to have been foreseen even before the case for the Treasury had been completely stated. It was already obvious that the only evidence on which a charge of the most dishonourable kind was brought against this officer was the unsupported word of two witnesses of the most dubious character. The Court doubtless wished to give Major TEMPLER an opportunity of describing the absurdity of the charge brought against him in adequate terms, or else it might well have declined to hear any more when the case for the prosecution was ended. Nothing had been produced against him except the statement of the ACKLANDS, unless, indeed, the extraordinary mental process which seems to have gone on in the head of Major ELSDALE is to be called evidence. This officer appears to have argued that, because a certain thing had been discovered, it must have been betrayed by a fellow-soldier and old friend who had every motive for keeping it secret. Military gentlemen reason in an extraordinary way. It is little more than a year ago since another distinguished officer lavished charges of corruption on what turned out to be no better evidence than his own private conviction that corruption must exist to account for various things of which he disapproved. After the example made

of these accusations and the officer who brought them by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, it is a scandal to find the same sort of thing being done again, and this time with the support of the Treasury. Now that the whole story has been told, it appears almost incredible that the War Office, which ought to be able to obtain competent legal advice, should have allowed the court-martial to be held. It must have known that the so-called evidence against Major TEMPLER had only been obtained by offering pecuniary aid to very shady witnesses. We have no desire to quarrel with the Court for adding a rider to acquit Major ELSDALE of ignoble motives. Justice to one officer can be done without attacking another; but if the public is inclined to reason in what seems to be the military way, it has some justification for suspecting the existence of a mess-room feud and service jealousy at the back of this accusation.

Personal questions may, however, be left out of the matter altogether. There is quite enough in it without them to supply a subject for comment. It is absolutely certain that if the Italians have discovered the secret of making balloons on what our War Office thought was its own peculiar system, the very simple explanation is that the War Office showed them how to do it. During the Soudan expedition Italian officers were attached to the staff, "but instructions" were given that they were to be shown everything and "have all information given them they required." After that the War Office is surprised that they knew all about it! At home, too, Major ELSDALE shows Italians round, and "fences" when they ask undesirable questions. The art of fencing is a delicate one, and requires great skill, long experience, and a good natural faculty. It is at least conceivable that the Italians fenced also, and found the Major's doubles and disengages highly instructive. In mechanics, too, as in the sister art of conjuring, the difficulty is not so much to know how to do a thing as to know what to do. When a machine or a trick has been invented, a clever workman can generally reproduce it. He reasons back from the thing done to the process; and, if it were not so, we might dispense with laws to protect patents, to the not inconsiderable relief of the press of work in the High Court of Justice. Therefore it is wiser not even to say what you are doing. Of course, when the possible imitator is allowed to see nine parts out of ten of the patented machine, it is all the easier for him to pirate it. If the War Office had reflected on these rather obvious truths, it would have long ago seen the folly of allowing the carefully chosen experts of a foreign Government to see its machines. The secret could not remain long hidden after their inspection. It may be a liberal and courteous thing to permit everything to be shown and explained to foreigners; but it is a course which is quite incompatible with secrecy. The War Office may perhaps be of opinion that a foreign Government which is well served by good mechanics can always make a machine to rival ours, and that it is useless to attempt to hide our inventions. In that case, however, the whole effort to maintain secrecy is absurd. Certainly it is ridiculous to throw the doors of our workshops wide open to the foreigner and to close them to our own people, and it is imbecile to jump to the conclusion that our mysteries have been discovered by the treason of our officers when they have been shown to any foreigner who asked to look at them. The matter cannot rest here. The War Office has practically been convicted of betraying its own secrets, and it ought now to be called upon to alter its whole method of dealing with foreign visitors.

THE CRUEL GREY GREENYARD ROAN PONY.

A REMARKABLE set of artistic, biological, physiological, legal, historical, and geographical problems have arisen in quadrupedal shape in the City of London. Their existence is announced with official brevity and compression of style in the following advertisement, which has appeared this week in the "agony column" of a daily contemporary:—"A GREY ROAN PONY GELDING, taken by the City Police for cruelty. If the owner does not claim it, it will be destroyed to defray the City Greenyard expenses." It is rare to meet with three lines of print suggesting so many and such diverse topics of human inquiry as are here provided for the benefit of the moderately thoughtful.

What is a grey roan pony? Two sorts of roans are generally recognized—blue roans and red roans. What they have in common is that they are equally grey, and equally different from greys that are not roans. Answer, then,

artists and veterinary surgeons! Explain what a grey roan is; we shall be one step on the long road towards the complete understanding of this short but singular announcement.

Next comes a more difficult subject. "Taken by the City Police for cruelty." The questions which arise here are of somewhat diverse character. First, can a pony—apart from its colour—be cruel? Secondly, what right have the City Police to arrest or "take" it if it is cruel? Cruelty is a moral quality which men sometimes have, which is generally attributed to children in their relations to the lowest animals, and of which some writers have professed to observe traces in women. But how can a pony be cruel? And how did this pony testify to its cruelty? Did it bite and worry the passers-by with its teeth, and pound them with its hoofs? And, if so, how do the City Police know that its remarkable conduct was not the result rather of mania, or some temporary alarm or irritation, than of cruelty? And why have its onslaughts failed to attract the attention of the energetic reporter? But perhaps the pony was cruel to its own kind. Perhaps it ungratefully deserted its parents. It seems less probable that, by unfriendly or inconstant behaviour, it broke the heart of some other pony. Nevertheless, one would like to know what sort of cruelty on the part of a pony induces the City Police to capture it and submit it to the horrible danger presently to be observed upon. And on this point it is to be noticed that no part of the common law justifies the City Police in taking the cruellest pony living. Under what statute or what by-law, or—which is more *raisonnable*—by what obscure custom of the City of London, do the City Police exercise this vague and surprising jurisdiction? There is certainly no public Act for the Prevention of Cruelty by Animals. It seems almost fantastic to suggest that "taken for cruelty" means that the City Police mistook the grey roan for the personification of cruelty in the abstract.

"If the owner does not claim it, it will be destroyed to defray the City Greenyard expenses." Where and what and wherefore and by whom and how managed is the City Greenyard? What or who is a Greenyard? Are there many in the City? What are its or his or her expenses? And how, in the name of all that is bewildering, can they possibly be defrayed by the destruction of a grey roan pony gelding taken for cruelty by the City Police? If the creature were to be sold, it would be more intelligible, because a beast of such an odd colour, remarkable disposition, and surprising history would probably, if properly advertised and put up for sale by a competent auctioneer, fetch a sum sufficiently considerable to defray for a long time all the expenses that could reasonably be incurred by even the most extravagant Greenyard. But destroyed! Suppose the black-hearted and grey-roan-coated animal is burnt to cinders or cut up by machinery into a billion pieces and spread out in the sun to dry, in what degree can the claims of the City Greenyard's creditors possibly be thereby appeased? It is impossible to say that any one of these stupendous mysteries is more insoluble than any other. The whole advertisement is so difficult to make out, that the task is rather facilitated than otherwise by the suggestion that perhaps pony, cruelty, and Greenyard may have no objective existence, and that the whole thing may be merely a more than usually ingenious amatory cryptogram.

A FAMILY PARTY.

IT is pleasant to see brothers dining together in unity at all times, and particularly when they happen to have a serious family quarrel which must not be referred to without the most careful management. Some dexterity is required on such an occasion to avoid stirring the traditional hot ashes, and, as the history of some Liberal Clubs has shown of late, it has not always been forthcoming when wanted. The Devonshire has set an example to the younger and more ardent institutions of the party. Last Monday it gave an illustration of how the thing ought to be done. When in future a Gladstonian Liberal has to propose the health of a Unionist-Liberal he will do well to take Lord GRANVILLE's speech as a model. The gentleman whose health is drunk cannot do better than follow the lead of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. On neither side was there any attempt to burke the existence of that "gulf which divides the Liberal party," or ignore the "difference which attempts to destroy have rather accentuated." So did Lord GRANVILLE put it, skirting very dangerous matters in the neatest

way. Mr. CHILDERS, with whom we deal at greater length elsewhere, again spoke of quarrels among Tories and even Whigs in ancient days, which had been made up, as an encouraging reminiscence. Nobody spoke of the surrenders which had soldered up those old-world disputes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said enough for the other side. He made his profession of faith in good general terms. When the Colonies are one's ostensible subject, it is safe to say that one "will never willingly admit of any policy that will tend to "weaken the ties between the different branches of the "Anglo-Saxon race which form the British Empire, the "vast dominion of the QUEEN." His hearers may have instantly bethought them of the threatened weakening of the tie between the British Empire and a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race nearer home than Canada; but they said nought of that matter. It was indeed a dignified scene.

It was found safer to talk about America. There was nothing but what was agreeable to be said about that, and Lord GRANVILLE produced his share of the niceness which befitted the occasion with his accustomed finish of style. He was well justified in his comments on the change which has come over the tone of English remarks about things American. It was appropriate that he should couple his remarks with the name of Mr. LOWELL, who had something to say in his time about the protecting tone some Englishmen thought fit to assume "in writing "about our great rivals across the sea." We are glad there is less of that, and even that what "protecting tone" there is in our mutual comments is apt rather to be heard from the other side. There seems to abide with us some memory of remarks made by Mr. LOWELL on the burning question taboed at the Devonshire Club, not altogether unlike those comments which set his pen to work in other days. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's praise of America was in another key, and one which, on the whole, we like better. There was so much between the lines of it capable of direct application to the "burning question of domestic politics." It was truly pleasant to hear devotion to the Constitution and unquestioning obedience to the law praised so heartily in that company. The illustrations chosen were American—and so much the better for America—but, after all, it was the praise of the thing which was the essential. And it was particularly good to hear it from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose great merit in this, as in most things he has done for two years past, precisely is that he is a Radical. If one "of ours" had introduced that reference to the draft riots, and their summary treatment in New York, or the praise of order and law, it would have been a matter of course, but from the member for Birmingham it is rather more. Would Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have praised the use of the militia and of grape-shot to support "the "authority of Government" ten years ago? Hardly. If he does it now, that is a sign among others of the reaction against the once popular, though only half-avowed, creed of the Liberal that every violent mob is "the people," and ought to be allowed to have its way. There were other excellent things in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech, and particularly his counterblast to Mr. BRIGHT's last pronouncement on Imperial Federation. Contradiction and revolt have brought some good out of the evil of Gladstonian supremacy. Notably a decided revival of old habits of respect for law and of patriotism in quarters where they were not wont to be conspicuous. If his visit to America has strengthened Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's faith in them, it is not the least good it has done. He was to be envied the pleasure of praising them across the table to Lord GRANVILLE.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE SITUATION.

WE do not know whether Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are satisfied with the result of Sir BALTHAZAR FOSTER's well-meant attempt to "draw" their chief on the political situation and prospect; but, if so, even the most indulgent of opponents will find some difficulty, we should think, in understanding their satisfaction. Of the banquet itself it will surely not be denied, even by Gladstonians themselves, that it was rather a dreary function. One point of difference—we do not say that there are not others—between Mr. GLADSTONE and the husband of JULIE's nurse is that the former is not naturally a "merry man." He does not shine on convivial occasions, and he is on no occasion a particularly good hand at cheering the spirits of the depressed. He has not the invaluable art of making light of political misfortunes with a good grace. He is

nothing if not argumentative; and, if he cannot successfully explain away disaster, he has not the knack of skilfully trifling with it or of coolly passing it by. His heroic habit is to grapple with it, and to attempt, however hopeless may be the task, to destroy its significance by reasoning, or, if that fails, by assertion; and, of course, when, as at present, the attempt in question is hopeless, his efforts must necessarily have a dispiriting effect upon his hearers. What colder comfort, for instance, could be offered to a party than the allegation that, "maimed and mutilated as they were supposed to be and as "in some sense they have been, yet that, as decided by "results, their elections in the main during the last fifteen "months have been more successful, and they have com- "manded more victories, or more advance at the polls in the "country, than any party in a minority," so far as Mr. GLADSTONE's recollection goes, "have ever done previously"? And what can an opponent reply to this extraordinary allegation except that, if Mr. GLADSTONE is satisfied, so most undoubtedly is he; that he asks nothing better than that the elections of the next fifteen months should be as "successful" for the Gladstonian party as those of the last fifteen, and that, in respect of "victories" and "advances" (especially of the Doncaster and Deptford description), this party is welcome not only to maintain but to increase the lead it has taken over any previous party in a minority within Mr. GLADSTONE's recollection!

It is just possible that a ray of hope may have dawned upon his followers when, from discussing the situation of the party, he went on to examine the Parliamentary prospect. Yet those who have considered, by the light of the morrow's reflection, the line of tactics which he appeared to be foreshadowing will not, we think, be likely to find it a very hopeful one. Mr. GLADSTONE has apparently persuaded himself that Mr. SMITH's answer to the "wobbling" Sir EDWARD WATKIN the other night has given him and his party an opening, and that it contained an unintentional disclosure of Ministerial policy in Ireland out of which the Opposition may make capital in the country. For not only did Mr. SMITH say that it was not the intention of the Government to proceed with a Local Government Bill for Ireland this Session, but he actually added that "there will "be no indisposition to extend to Ireland an Imperial "system of local government, suited to its wants, when "it is made clear that her people are prepared to receive "and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and "Constitution." This, says Mr. GLADSTONE, with his characteristic want of humour, is a deliberate declaration of policy of the broadest, most menacing, and most formidable kind. Prodigious! The Irish are actually threatened with the possibility of being refused an improved system of local government, until they are prepared to receive and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution. Or, to put it the other way, the Government have put forward the "menacing and formidable declaration" that, if the Irish demand an improved system of local government for this purpose, "working it in a spirit of disloyalty to the Crown and "Constitution," they won't get it. And Mr. GLADSTONE actually believes that a protest against this unconscionable refusal on the part of the Government will make a good cry to go to the country with! He seems to think that, if the Conservative party had promised a system of local government to Ireland as unconditionally, in fact, as he groundlessly alleges them to have done, they would be sternly called to account by the nation for having subsequently limited their promise by the dishonourable condition that its fulfilment must be consistent with the national welfare. Of course if this is so, and if the English are really more bent upon setting up County Councils in Ireland than of preserving the Crown and the Constitution of the realm, Mr. GLADSTONE has really discovered a Parliamentary and electioneering policy, and his followers ought to be greatly cheered by his speech at Sir BALTHAZAR's dinner. But, on the whole, we should not be surprised if the bulk of his followers misdoubted the policy and were not much enlivened by the speech.

THE PROGRESS OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

FOR the present, and for some time to come, French politics are likely to consist of the doings of General—or, as some of his more pedantic critics persist in calling him, M.—BOULANGER. In this last week there have been three

events in the history of Boulangism. A constituency has returned the General at the head of the poll with a crushing majority; another attempt has been made to ruin him by the publication of documents which prove his limited regard for truth; and a Moderate Republican opponent of character and ability has endeavoured with some spirit to organize a general opposition to his triumphant career. The election in the Dordogne completes the proof of his great and general popularity in France. It is taken on all hands as a sign that he is sure of his return in the Nord. In whatever form it comes to him, he may be now considered safe to obtain power. If anything is wanted to complete the certainty, it will assuredly be supplied by his opponents. The publication of the telegrams sent by him to electioneering agents while in command at Clermont Ferrand, which was meant to ruin him, will unquestionably serve his interests. They prove, indeed, most superfluously that he is singularly lax in his statements on matters of fact; but so much was tolerably well known already, and has done him no harm. But their appearance proves something else, and it is that his opponents, who find him deficient in honesty, are capable of violating one of the strongest laws of the accepted French code of honour. Next to strict probity in money matters, there is nothing considered so sacred as the "professional secret." That a doctor should not talk about the affairs of his patients, or a notary about the business of his client, even in a court of law and when called as a witness, are matters of faith with all Frenchmen. It is equally taken for granted that a public office will not publish documents dealing with private affairs. General BOULANGER's telegrams can only have been made public with the participation of somebody in the Ministry of the Interior. Their appearance will be simply taken to prove that the politicians who sneer at the General's honour are themselves capable of committing what every Frenchman regards as a particularly mean offence. At the best they have put themselves on his level. It may be a confused and foolish theory that a Government is entitled to "tap the wires" for information, and to act on it when got, but is not entitled to publish it. Still, that is the general feeling, and the disregard shown for it is one proof among fifty of the stupidity with which the fight against General BOULANGER is being conducted.

M. RIBOT has taken a more honourable line in his opposition to the General. His appeal to "respectable people" all over France to join in opposing Caesarism and the dominion of the mob is at least a clean and honourable kind of warfare. It will, nevertheless, be as futile as the less creditable methods have been. M. RIBOT is a politician of unquestioned honour and considerable ability. He has always been a Moderate Republican, and has never intrigued to gain office or upset others. Such a man ought to be a formidable opponent; but there is probably no public man whom General BOULANGER can afford to hold cheaper. M. RIBOT, in truth, belongs to the party which in French politics is destined to be always beaten—the sober men who dislike extremes. If there were a general respect for the Constitution in France, and a disposition to hold all things as of less importance than good government; if there were few parties, and politicians could sink minor differences in order to carry out a common policy, then M. RIBOT would be listened to; but—it is almost absurd to go on. If that were the state of things in France there would be no need for his appeal. General BOULANGER would still be a zealous cavalry officer, and the Republic would be in no danger either from the sabre or the street. M. RIBOT is asking the Orleanist to join with the Opportunist, who exiled the Princes and has allowed the attacks on the Church, and the Bonapartist to help his worst enemies against a man who he believes is serving the good cause though unwittingly. Only one answer can be given to such a request. As for the mass of Frenchmen who belong to no party and only desire a strong Government, why should they help the Chamber to escape the punishment it has brought upon itself by its divisions, its wrangling, and its chattering incompetence?

THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

THURSDAY night's proceedings in the House of Commons supplied a curiously apt illustration of the twofold character of the tactics which circumstances have forced upon the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE's after-dinner speech

of last Wednesday at the National Liberal Club may not be possessed perhaps of quite such militant significance as is ascribed to it in some quarters; but there is no doubt that it was to some extent designed on the part of the distinguished guest of the evening as an assurance to his followers that as a Parliamentary leader he had not quite forgotten his swashing blow. No doubt Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate attack on the Ministerial statement with respect to the extension of local government in Ireland was intended to encourage his dispirited party by exhibiting to them their leader in a fighting mood. Nor, further, is there any reason to question the sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE's desire to come to blows with the Government, if only he could discover a plausible or even a decent *casus belli*. But this is exactly the difficulty. He does not see his way to organizing a grand attack upon the Budget; while as to the Local Government Bill the strategic outlook appears more hopeless still. Nothing, of course, would be, in one sense, easier to him than to get up a magnificent pitched battle, either on the second reading of the Bill itself, or by way of substantive motion on the question whether it should or should not be accompanied by similar, or at any rate the foreshadowing of similar, measures for Scotland and Ireland; but Mr. GLADSTONE, as a good general, has no taste for magnificent pitched battles, which are beforehand certain not only to end in disastrous Parliamentary defeat, but to leave him in a worse position in the country than before he fought them. Hence, though Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it worth while to fill three parts of his speech, last Wednesday, with hyperbolic denunciations of the enormity of withholding local government reform from Ireland until the country is fit for it, he has thus far given no sign of any readiness to maintain that proposition from his place in the House of Commons. Failing such readiness, and in the absence of any serious ground of objection to the great Ministerial measure now before Parliament, Mr. GLADSTONE has been thrown back for fighting purposes on such questions as that raised by Mr. PARNELL with respect to the scuffle of last Sunday in the courtyard at Ennis. Never have the terms of the rule which confines these impromptu debates to definite matters of "urgent public importance" been more severely strained. Even the Parnellites themselves were hard put to it to make any more out of their complaint than that cavalry were employed to do work which would have been better entrusted to infantry; and out of this minute grievance, enforced by Mr. PARNELL's thoroughly conventional declamation and the windy rant of Mr. O'BRIEN, who now seems to regard every subject on which he speaks as a part to scratch a kitten in, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN were forced to provide themselves with material for a two hours' prolongation of the debate. Of the two lieutenants Mr. MORLEY does not perhaps need our compassion; for, misled by the experience of a Chief Secretary who, from the nature of his position, never had or could have had to dragoon anybody but a Belfast Protestant, he was probably supported in his criticisms by a sincere belief that disorderly Nationalist mobs might easily be dispersed by a few graceful allusions to the "union of hearts." But Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who has served in Ireland under totally different conditions, knows well that, in STRAFFORD's words, the work of keeping order there "needs warmer water than so"; and his eager advocacy of the Parnellite contentions can, therefore, be only regarded as marking with painful precision another downward step in his career.

It is interesting, though not perhaps very edifying, to turn from a debate of this kind to the discussion which followed on the second reading of the Local Government Bill. There, where opposition however violent, and indeed however malicious, might easily mask itself under a disguise of legitimacy, there is plainly no opening for opposition at all. Mr. STANSFELD, who, as a former chief of the department over which Mr. RITCHIE presides, would have been eminently well fitted to head an attack on the measure, if any opportunity could have been found, was obliged to make what was not really a second-reading speech at all. It was merely a speech appropriate to the motion for going into Committee, confined, as it was, to a mere expression of the speaker's regrets that the Bill should be defective in this or that detail, or should stop short of this or the other point of innovation. Mr. STANSFELD, indeed, frankly admitted that he could find no objection serious enough to warrant a motion for amendment on the second reading; and that the

Opposition are forced, by the very character of the measure, to reserve themselves for the Committee stage. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT again, in his speech at York, could only jibe at the Bill for having, as he contends, appropriated his London Municipality scheme—a part of the measure which undoubtedly “accuses its origin” by being quite the most questionable feature of the proposed legislation. And this is all that the Opposition can do, either at Westminster or elsewhere. It is certainly a remarkable tribute both to the legislative and administrative policy of Ministers that the Gladstonians cannot discuss the former without finding themselves in substantial accord with their opponents, or attack the latter without finding themselves arrayed also against the first principles of good citizenship and good government.

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

AMONG the matters to which the attention of Parliament is to be called we notice that corrupt literature is one. Mr. SAMUEL SMITH has announced his intention of asking Parliament to look into that province of things, and presumably do something. Now of course, before undertaking to give Mr. SAMUEL SMITH general support, it will be well to find out exactly what he means by corrupting literature. So much depends on the definition in a case of this kind. There are persons of sentiment who find the rather butcherly pugnacity of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's stories corrupting; and Sir WILFRID LAWSON would doubtless apply the adjective to much cheerful verse. But Mr. SAMUEL SMITH has probably no wish to establish a censorship of an extensive kind, and if his object is what we take it to be, it is entitled to the favourable consideration of the House and the support of the decent part of the community. The *Saturday Review* has already directed the attention of the police to the fact that books which no shop dare expose in Paris, or even in Brussels, are to be seen in windows in London. Books which have only escaped suppression in France through the astounding laxity which has allowed some parts of Paris to become nearly impassable to decent people—on the showing of Parisian papers themselves—are translated and openly advertised. They are bowdlerized to some extent, no doubt (it cannot be very thoroughly, or else there would be nothing of them left); but that is not said in the advertisements. What the publishers of such things appeal to is the taste for obscene scribbling. We would rather not profane the name of literature by applying it to such nauseous rubbish. If this is what Mr. SAMUEL SMITH wants to put a stop to he has our entire sympathy. It is not easy in these lax days to persuade our rulers to do anything effective in the cause of public decency. We have allowed a disgraceful liberty to native manufacturers of the stuff, but even a public protest which has no immediate practical effect is something. It will help to fix a brand, to have nastiness properly described as nastiness, and reduce the purveyors of it to their proper position. The surest of all ways of securing immunity for the abuse is to sit still and allow it to go on under the cowardly pretext that nothing effectual can be done. We have seen of late what a little tardy resolution can do to secure the liberty of the streets from mob tyranny, and a similar display of firmness would be equally beneficial in other matters.

PROFESSIONALS IN ENGLISH SPORTS.

IN spite of the prophets, West Bromwich Albion—heavens, what a name!—are the holders of the Football Association Challenge Cup for the year, and the confidently expected victory has been snatched from Preston North End by the nimble fingers of the opposing goal-keeper. The result does not affect us with any feeling more lively than one of mild satisfaction that the North-country team—to the making of which both sides of the Tweed seem to have contributed—has not materially profited by its rather shabbily won victory over Aston Villa in January. The triumph of one eleven consisting largely of professional players over another similarly composed is a matter of small moment as compared with the present position of professionals in various departments of sport, among which football is conspicuous.

The professional question is complicated by the presence of a sort of amphibious animal, who must, for want of a better name, be called a “semi-professional”—a kind of amateur hireling unhappily familiar to all who have taken much part in either of the two great English games. He is a player of greater or less skill, who gradually gives to his favourite pursuit time and attention which are withdrawn from his profession, or business, or trade—

for he occurs in all ranks of society—until he finds a natural difficulty in making both ends meet. Instead of frankly facing the situation, and either giving up his pastime with a sigh or joining the number of professional players, he steers a middle course. When asked to play in such and such a match, he hints a doubt whether he can afford it; he is not a rich man, and the expenses of going about the country are heavy. So he comes to receive, under the convenient euphemism of “expenses,” a sum which not only defrays the cost of travelling, but leaves him with a substantial recompense for his services, while the receipt of it, by a tacit convention, is not allowed to deprive him of his position as an amateur. There is nothing apparently to prevent him from pursuing his undignified career under shelter of false pretences until failing powers make him no longer worth his fee. Avowed professionals regard him with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; amateurs of the better sort fight shy of him; but an unworthy desire for victory at any price ensures his employment by many clubs which partly depend for their prosperity on the support of the outside public.

When the Association Challenge Cup was first offered for competition in 1871 the professional question had not arisen, and no one thought of it arising. Examples of the semi-professional, though they no doubt occurred, were not so common as in the cricket-field. Football, as a game for grown men, was in its infancy, even the rules were in a rather provisional state, and the best teams were composed mainly of players who had learned to play at the Public Schools. The Royal Engineers, Oxford University, the Old Etonians, and, above all, that redoubtable club the Wanderers, who were the winners in five years out of seven, had matters pretty much to themselves. Then the game spread; tradesmen's and artisans' clubs were founded, and so football reached the classes from which the professional element in any sport is naturally drawn. The game, as a game, cannot be said to have improved in extending from boys to men. The rules, and still more the style of play, have been modified to suit older players. Men do not play like this. One gets possession of the ball, and straightway kicks it—or in the Rugby game flings it—to another, conveniently posted for its reception; he, when beset by the foe, kicks it on to some one else who is prowling about in the neighbourhood. It will, no doubt, be urged in reply that this method of play requires great skill, and is also more successful than the other in the important object of getting goals. In the same way it may be said that a couple of wily old greyhounds running wide, and driving the game to each other, will kill more hares in a day's coursing than the winner and runner-up at Altcar; but just as the sportsman looks at the quality of the sport, not at the fulness of the bag, and prefers the style of Master Magrath to that of the farmer's brood-bitch, even so do we hold that the modern style of football is not to be compared with the game of boys; and this is the style which the existence of professional teams is likely to perpetuate, because it depends for success less on brilliancy and dash than on skilful combination and dexterous “passing.”

The outcry for the recognition of professionals came loudest from the manufacturing districts of the North. Lancashire, home of manufactures and cradle of Free-trade, has been conspicuous for her success not less in importing than in producing professionals. Many of the players who have been most prominent in gaining for Lancashire its high position in county cricket are natives of other parts of Great Britain; and we have noticed that, when Manchester plays Liverpool, each team generally includes three or four ground-bowlers, though one would have thought that the rivalry between the two towns would have induced them to rely on their own resources in this match, if in no other. Still, much as the prominence now given to the professional element in cricket is to be regretted, the game is one in which amateurs cannot altogether do without it. Grounds must be kept in order, umpires and practice bowlers are needed, and the time taken up by an important match renders it inevitable that in first-class cricket much of the burden of the game should rest on men who have no other occupation—that is, on the professionals and on a comparatively small number of well-to-do amateurs. In football there is no such necessity. Professionals do not teach the game; they are not needed in that capacity, or indeed in any other, by amateurs. This is surely a sufficient condemnation of their existence. The professional in any branch of sport is, in the first place, the servant of the amateur who practises it for his own amusement. When there is no room for such service, professionals should be rigidly excluded by amateurs from sharing in their sport. Something will have to be done soon, or amateurs will, in football at any rate, find no place left for them. One is constantly hearing complaints of rough, and even of foul, play on the part of professional teams, and every year fewer and fewer of the best clubs enter for the Cup competition. It is sometimes said that they may, if they choose, establish an Amateur Cup; but why should they? The Association was, in the beginning, an amateur association, the competition was a competition of amateur players, and there is no reason why the clubs which were its original supporters should retire from the field, when strong combined action on their part would, in all probability, gain the point.

It does not require much foresight to perceive what must inevitably come of the present state of things; if, indeed, it has not to some extent come already. Enterprising speculators will hire a team of professionals, paying wages which will secure the best talent, so as to attract large crowds of spectators, and

bring in profitable returns by way of gate-money. There will be eager competition among rival troupes in snapping up promising players; a brilliant half-back, or a goal-keeper of unusual manual dexterity, will be tempted from one team to another by the offer of a higher salary; and the link—often a slight one—which now exists between the player and the locality which he nominally represents will be broken.

In fact, professional football is a show, not a game; it is played for the pleasure of the spectators, not of the actors. If proof of this is needed it may be found in the circumstances of the match between Aston Villa and Preston North End to which we have already referred. On that occasion, it will be remembered that the spectators crowded on to the ground and made a fair game, in the opinion of the players, impossible. But the spectators had paid for admission, and the players did not dare to balk them of their spectacle; so they were forced to adopt the ignominious expedient of playing on for the benefit of the crowd, with the reservation that the game should not count as a cup tie—an agreement which was, as we all know, afterwards upset by the Council of the Association. When such a state of things as this prevails the players are to all intents and purposes the servants of the spectators. Of course this is exactly what professional givers of an entertainment must be, and as such they are in most branches of sport excluded from amateur competitions, while amateurs who take part in their performances share their disqualification. So it should be in football. If the show pays there is no reason why it should not take place; but there is every reason why amateurs, who play for love of the game, for the sake of healthy exercise and the joy of battle, should refuse to take part in it. The winner of the University quarter-mile does not enter for the Easter Monday handicap held in the grounds of some pot-house; the amateur gymnast does not appear in a troupe of trapeze artists; and it ought to be recognized that the professional football-player is on exactly the same footing as the professional pedestrian and acrobat.

MR. BALFOUR SPEAKS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR must have felt himself a fortunate man on Wednesday night. He had an excellent case, a favourable audience, an incomparable butt ready in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and if such a combination of good fortune might have seemed likely to provoke Nemesis, he had the consciousness that a sacrifice to that goddess was ready in the fact that his health was going to be proposed by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. If the sometime member for Eya were not undoubtedly incorruptible, one really might think that Mr. Balfour had bribed him to make that Curtian reference; and we present the suggestion to the Nationalist organs. However, even Mr. Ashmead Bartlett did nothing worse than provide a comic note, and as that note did not throw Mr. Balfour out, no harm of any kind was done, and yet Nemesis, unless in her most ill-tempered mood, must have been propitiated. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has at last got his answer from Mr. Balfour, and the best test of the success of that answer is that some Gladstonian critics of Mr. Balfour's speech have wisely left it alone altogether. It comes, of course, to nothing more than what every sensible person foresaw long ago, and what was made certain by Mr. Blunt's almost inconceivable letters on the subject in the *Times*. Between the intrinsic improbability of the "first version," the discrepancies between that and the others, the unimaginable farce of Mr. Blunt's posing as a "serious Liberal politician" sent from Heaven to Clouds for the purpose of making officious arrangements with the Chief Secretary, the contemptible residuum of matter which his own latest and most elaborate account left to the story, and the state of mind which interpreted Mr. Balfour's charitable and kindly declaration that, as the original statement was a lie, he did not believe Mr. Blunt made it, into the exactly contrary imputation of falsehood to Mr. Blunt himself—the whole thing had become a sheer absurdity. There was nothing more to be done with it than to point out, as Mr. Balfour pointed out with cruel amiability, that Mr. Blunt is only a feather-headed person of no importance, who is quite unaware of what he really is, thinks himself all sorts of things which he is not, and, for the most part, does not know what he is saying, much less what other people have said. And Mr. Blunt, with somewhat unusual good sense, practically "comes down" in such answer as he has given, and retires grumbling about Mr. Balfour's "lugubrious and menacing" arguments. So now we have not even got to wait for the further revelations which Mr. Blunt promised, and need only repeat the obvious moral that it is well to be very careful in talking with Home Rulers. If any blame is to be attached to Mr. Balfour in the matter, it is that he seems to have come to this useful conclusion himself rather late. It is perfectly permissible for a private person to fool fools to the top of their bent; but a Cabinet Minister is under somewhat different obligations.

It is a little surprising to find Gladstonians accusing Mr. Balfour of not being serious enough in the speech as a whole. To begin with, the great classical learning of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett would be ready, and justly ready, with a retort about *ridetem dicere verum*. If any one looks a little below the surface, he will find no lack of seriousness in Mr. Balfour's speech, though the seriousness may be clothed with something like that jesting air which made the nincompoops of another day so furiously angry

with Canning. Certainly Mr. Balfour did not give himself the tragedy airs of Mr. Gladstone. He did not say that in serving his country he was prepared for even worse sufferings, &c.; that his career might be short, but he trusted, &c.; or that he hoped a good Providence would forgive the wicked men who, not knowing what they did, called him names. In other words, there was nothing of Pecksniff, and nothing of Chadband, about Mr. Balfour's manner; and there are, no doubt, some people who are unable to recognize seriousness unless it wraps itself in some of the familiar formulae consecrated by these great men. A sarcastic horticulturist, ironically defending the practice of tight-lacing in the vegetable world, once remarked that, if market gardeners sent lettuces to market without strings round them, the sapient British public would say "That is not a lettuce"; and apparently there are people who, missing the familiar cant, say "That is not serious." There is seriousness enough, in all conscience, in that part of Mr. Balfour's speech which deals with the attempts of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt to evade responsibility for their conduct before the great volte-face of Christmas 1885, and in his dealing with the newest cant—cant indulged in even by such a person as Mr. John Morley—about the union of English and Irish hearts. And how very serious both references are may be best shown by comparing with what Mr. Balfour says a short paragraph in the same number of the *Times* which contains the report of his speech. Every one knows that, in consequence chiefly of the bravery and devotion of Norah Fitzmaurice, the murderers of her father have been convicted and sentenced to death. According to some Gladstonians, who must enjoy the possession either of the greatest ignorance or the greatest effrontery, this trial had nothing to do with the League or the Parnellites at all. It was a case of ordinary crime in which everybody must rejoice at the punishment of the criminal. And now we hear the usual story that the lives of Norah Fitzmaurice, of her sister, and of her mother are being made intolerable because this girl helped the law and avenged her father upon the scoundrel emissaries of a scoundrel association. That is the kind of thing that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt are fighting and striving to help, protect, enforce, make general in Ireland. And that is the kind of thing that Mr. Balfour, and the Government of which Mr. Balfour is a member, are determined, at whatever cost, to put down with the help of the English people. Without such practices as those now being applied to the Fitzmaurices, the Parnellite terror could not be kept up for a month, and it is no wonder that the conviction in two cases of Parnellite murderers has alarmed the party. For five years (and all credit to them) Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, if not Mr. Morley, saw these facts clearly enough. They have not yet answered Mr. Balfour's simple and quite serious question, Were they tyrannical and wicked oppressors when they saw, or not?

The chief interest, indeed, of Mr. Balfour's speech is the possibility it gives of submitting in a brief and intelligible form a criterion of the present state of Ireland to almost any intelligent person. Take it and set it side by side with Mr. Gladstone's delivered on the same night, with Mr. Morley's at Newcastle the other day, with any other recent or not-recent deliverance of a Separatist, and the difference must surely be obvious at once to any one who ever possessed, or who at least has retained, a faculty of cool judgment. Mr. Balfour is probably the last person who would thank Mr. Ashmead Bartlett or any one else for representing him as a Heaven-born politician. What he does, and by doing has eminently justified his selection for his present post, is to apply to its business the cool common sense of an educated Englishman. This is the quality which, appearing in the days of the first Cecil and those of his son, obscured during the civil wars and religious troubles of the seventeenth century, was shown again on each side of politics by Godolphin, by Harley, by Walpole, by the two Pitts, by Canning, by Lord Palmerston. Some Passionate Pilgrim of Gladstonianism has mournfully expostulated with Mr. Balfour for his indifference to "the passion and the pain of the Irish people"—that is to say, apparently, to the passionate desire which some Irishmen feel for inflicting on other Irishmen's daughters the pain of being fatherless. Mr. Balfour is not deaf, and snuff-taking has gone out of fashion, else the parody would be easy:—

When they talked of their passion, their pain, and their stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

And that is the way to govern Ireland.

Meanwhile it is only necessary to commiserate that unhappy country on the kind of champions which she prefers to Mr. Balfour. Mr. Parnell, with his contracts for supplying Dublin with stone and his forty thousand pounds of testimonial; Mr. Gladstone, with his eighty-six votes bought at the price of pronouncing the whole of his own fifty years of public life to have been an unprotesting acquiescence in brutal injustice; Mr. Blunt, with his solemn mountebankeries; Mr. O'Brien, abiding by, if not in, his breeches—these are the major prophets that Ireland prefers, and the minor prophets are like unto them. One passage in Mr. Balfour's speech about the inconveniences of Irish patronage might be illustrated by an incident which has had little notice in the English papers, but which is filling the Irish Nationalist organs every day. Not long ago the managing director of one of the Irish banks died, and Mr. Childers is the official candidate for his place. It cannot be denied that Mr. Childers, whatever we may think of his statesmanship, is a practised and skilful man of business; he has, we believe, had experience of banking; he has

(at what price his conscience knows best) obediently followed his leader and become a Home Ruler. But all this is nothing. The people who used to make loudest outcry against the phrase "No Irish need apply" are now shouting "No English need apply," just as they shouted "No Welsh need apply" when the Welsh quarry owners competed with Mr. Parnell. We need hardly say that we have no desire to see Mr. Childers (who is a politician for whom we have uncommonly little respect) put into any good thing merely as being Mr. Childers. But it is clear that the outcry is made against him, not because he is Mr. Childers, but because he is not an Irishman. This is Home Rule in a nutshell—that is to say, a Childers—and together with the Fitzmaurice business it supplies matter which cannot be too well meditated by everybody. Mr. Morley may be especially requested to meditate on it in reference to the "union of hearts," which is clearly not to include a union of purses, except on peculiar terms. Ireland shall dip into England's purse when she likes; but *gare à Childers qui touche the sacred crumena of Hibernia!*

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

THERE is an archaic air, an atmosphere of insincerity, about *The Wife's Secret* that it is perhaps impossible to disguise, but that certainly is not disguised with success at the St. James's Theatre. The plot is too slight for expansion into four acts. Lady Eveline Amyott, wife of a Roundhead, gives shelter to her Royalist brother, Lord Arden, who is flying from Cromwell's troops; Sir Walter is convinced by his steward, Jabez Sneed, that a man is hiding in the house, and suspects that the secret visitor must be a lover, while Lady Eveline cannot tell the truth because Arden has sworn her to secrecy. That is the whole plot, and it has to be attenuated sadly to do duty throughout four acts and six scenes. The tendency of the day is to produce plays the plots of which are complicated and involved; and if critics can make them out and piece them together at all, there is a disposition to praise the works for their ingenuity. We hesitate, therefore, to condemn this old play for its simplicity, because that is infinitely better than complication; but *The Wife's Secret* is spun out not only tediously but foolishly. Anything more fatuous than the proceedings of Lady Eveline is not to be imagined. She knows that her husband's suspicions have been aroused as to the reason why she keeps a certain "bower-chamber" locked up; she knows that the vigilant and malignant Jabez Sneed suspects and watches her; and yet, notwithstanding this, she goes in the evening to the mysterious room, permits it to be brilliantly illuminated, meets her brother close to the window, and embraces him with the utmost warmth. Could anything be madder? Of course she did not know that her husband and his steward were watching, but the chances of some one noticing that the locked chamber was lighted up, and furthermore seeing what passed within, were so great that discovery was, in truth, inevitable. It seems that when the play was first acted by Charles Kean, only the shadows of brother and sister were seen on a blind by the jealous husband. This was sufficient to show that Lord Arden and his sister were an extremely incautious couple, but the embrace at the St. James's Theatre is more reckless still.

It is in the last act, however, that the artificiality of the plot is chiefly exhibited. Lady Eveline knows—she cannot help knowing—the grounds and nature of her husband's suspicions; but the pair of them are both equally determined on being indefinite, and they remorselessly carry out their determination. She cannot speak; her oath prevents her; but she might, could, and inevitably would beg her husband to trust her, and assure him that an explanation would be forthcoming in time. Neither of them will come to the point, and the tedious ingenuity with which they avoid it is exasperating. A great deal of the blame certainly belongs to the author; but some, no doubt, should be apportioned to the players. Whatever seemed likely to be for the moment theatrically effective with an unreasoning audience was quite enough for Mr. George Lovell, the author of the play. Thus, in the last scene of reconciliation, it is generally accepted as a fact that Jabez Sneed has behaved villainously; but if his conduct is analysed it will be seen that, on the contrary, he had the most excellent reasons for the doubts of Lady Eveline's honour which he had expressed, and deserved great credit for his wariness. Sir Walter's treatment of the Roundhead officer who comes to search the house is equally ridiculous. In the first place he encourages the soldier to insult Lady Eveline, and then suddenly turns round on the unfortunate man and abuses him for doing his duty. A better actor than Mr. Kendal might have done these things with an air of something approaching to plausibility; but he is ill suited with the character of Amyott. Mr. Kendal's delivery of blank verse is astoundingly bad for a player who fills a leading part at a leading theatre. He pauses at the ends of his lines, irrespective of the meaning of sentences, committing the very first fault that youthful actors are taught to avoid. His grief is totally without manliness or dignity, though here, again, it must be confessed, in justice to a representative of Sir Amyott, that the author is very feeble. The inconsistency of Amyott's behaviour to Sneed would try an actor of far greater resource. The Lady Eveline of Mrs. Kendal, though somewhat more successful, is far from convincing. The actress does not seem to know to what extent she may venture to try to be natural, and so there is neither a hearty plunge into

the conventional with all its tricks and devices, nor a careful endeavour to interpret and realize character. A mannerism which Mrs. Kendal has permitted to grow upon her is more conspicuous than it was formerly, and should be checked before it further increases. This is a curious habit of twinkling the eyelids in emotional passages. The twinkles are graduated according to the depth of the emotion to be expressed, and when Amyott, speaking of the hidden man, mentions the word "paramour," the rapidity of the twinkling becomes ludicrously extreme. Perhaps the funniest thing in the drama is Amyott's proceeding when, after energetically exclaiming to his wife "Now we part for ever!" he goes to the door of the room and placidly waits there till the cue comes for his return; but this admission is without detriment to Miss Fanny Brough, whose vivacious and genuinely humorous performance of Maud, Lady Eveline's attendant, is altogether excellent. Full point and effect are neatly and quietly given to every line. Mr. Mackintosh as Sneed, Mr. Lewis Waller as Arden, Mr. Hendrie as Baroque (a French smuggler charged to aid Arden's escape), and Mr. C. Burleigh as Keppel, a page of traditional pertness, all acquit themselves ably, and the scenes, designed and painted by Mr. Harford, deserve the most unqualified praise. The interior and exterior of Sir Walter Amyott's house are models of picturesqueness. We remember nothing of the sort better done, and only regret that so admirable a setting is wasted on so poor a performance.

A FORGOTTEN CRUSADE.

VISITORS to Lisbon always remark upon the Oriental appearance of the people, and upon the number of purely Arabic words in the local nomenclature. It may be a question whether there is any connexion between Morocco and Mogharb, but there can be none as to the meaning of Algarve, "the West," the name of the south-western corner of Portugal. Alcantara is a suburb of Lisbon and a station on the Suez Canal. The Alcacarias of Lisbon may be compared with Al Ahzar in Cairo. There are numberless common words of pure Arabic still in use, and the wonder is that the whole character of the Portuguese language was not changed by the Moorish occupation of three centuries. Even after Northern Portugal had been rescued from the Moslems, they held on to Lisbon and Algarve. It was not until 1147 that the city was taken from them, and more than forty years elapsed before Sancho I. could add "King of Algarve" to his other titles. It is curious in the East to hear oranges cried in the streets under the name of Bordówan or Bordogan, indicating an Arab tradition that they were first brought from Portugal. The Moors left Portugal reluctantly, and even as late as 1190 the Londoners were concerned in a crusade against them; but the taking of Lisbon in 1147 was, as Bishop Stubbs remarks, the only real success of the second crusade, and it was accomplished, according to Henry of Huntingdon, not by nobles, but by men of middle rank. Fortunately, though the later expedition has been but little noticed, there are ample details of the earlier one. The crusaders consisted of Flemings, Germans, and Englishmen, and set sail from Dartmouth on the 23rd of May, in one hundred and sixty-four vessels. There were contingents from Norfolk and Suffolk under Hervey Glanville, from Kent under Simon of Dover, and from London under a certain Andrew, who may perhaps be identified as an alderman in an early but undated document at St. Paul's. Bishop Stubbs seems to think he was the same as Andrew Bacquinte, or Bocuente, a merchant of Italian origin living as early as 1115. They sailed across the Bay of Biscay, which did not exhibit its usual aspect, for the fleet was becalmed for two days; nevertheless, they reached the mouth of the Tagus just in time. They had delayed a few days at Oporto; but the Bishop hastened their departure owing to a letter from King Alphonso, when he had preached them a long sermon, which the chronicler, Osborn, gives in full. They attacked Lisbon as soon as they landed, built engines, saw ports, dug mines, and otherwise went through the regular routine of a mediæval siege. Osborn's account is printed in the first volume of Bishop Stubbs's *Memorials of Richard I.* The Moors capitulated on the 22nd of October. There is an odd episode about the Alcalde's mare, which the German leader coveted; and there are various moral observations as to the greediness of our foreign allies. The Moors were permitted to depart. Gilbert of Hastings, one of the crusaders, was elected Bishop of Lisbon, and everything ended happily, though Osborn does not tell us how the ships got home again. The history of the siege of Lisbon is described also in a letter to Miles, Bishop of Terouanne, written by a crusader named Arnulf; and in another letter by a priest named Duodechin, whose account is nearly the same as Arnulf's. From this it appears that Alphonso gave lands in the neighbourhood to as many as chose to settle in Portugal, and the rest embarked for Palestine. Among the few names of individuals we have those of a certain "Willelmus Vitulus." Bishop Stubbs calls him William Calf; and Mr. Hunt, in his *Historic Bristol*, says that the Calf family flourished in Bristol in the fourteenth century, so that we may suppose William and Ralf, his brother, or one of them, got safe home. Mr. Hunt prudently abstains from mentioning a priest of Bristol who figures discreditably in the narrative; but he does not disguise the fact that William Calf was neither more nor less than what we should call a filibuster or buccaneer.

If Andrew of London can hardly be identified, there is no doubt

as to the leaders of the second of these curious expeditions. In the newly issued volume of the *Rolls Series*, *Chronica Rogeri de Wendover*, edited by Mr. Henry G. Hewlett, there is a very full account of the crusade against the Moors in the Algarve province by William FitzOsbert and Geoffrey the Goldsmith in 1190. They suffered much from a storm in the Bay of Biscay, in the same month, apparently, in which their predecessors, half a century before, had been becalmed. But an apparition of St. Thomas of London, "beatus martyr, Thomas Cantuariensis archiepiscopus," comforted them thrice, and when he had vanished the tempest ceased. This expedition passed by Lisbon, "et caput sancti Vincentii," and made for Silves, which Roger describes as an outpost of Christianity in Spain, as it had only been taken from the hands of the pagans in the previous year. The Londoners do not seem to have done much, though they strengthened the forces of Portugal against the emperor "de Maroch"; and, as Bishop Stubbs observes, "saved the infant kingdom." Very soon after we find both William and Geoffrey back in London. The vision of St. Thomas in the Bay of Biscay shed a halo of sanctity about them, and especially about William, who is best known in history by his nickname of "Long Beard." His father, Osbert, had an even more ridiculous name, "Drinkpin," but he was an alderman and became a canon of Aldgate in 1125. William is also sometimes described as an alderman. His subsequent rising and "martyrdom" in 1196 have been too often described to be worth repeating again, though there are some variations in the version given in Mr. Hewlett's volume, such as that William was hanged in chains at Tyburn.

RACING.

THE Great Northamptonshire Stakes did not bring out a very brilliant field, although no horse could be better bred than the winner—Sir W. Throckmorton's Oliver Twist, by Isonomy out of Célérité by Breadalbano. He had not, however, been at all a successful racehorse, and so much was he distrusted that Abu Klea, whom he had run to a head on many pounds worse terms last season, was made the first favourite. Oliver Twist carried the heaviest weight in the handicap and won by half a length from Decision, a four-year-old colt, that had been purchased by Lord Penrhyn for 2,500 guineas last December. The Althorp Park Stakes for two-year-olds produced a dead-heat between Mr. L. de Rothschild's Eros and Mr. W. Burton's Decoit, both of whom had run unsuccessfully at Lincoln. Eros won the deciding heat by half a length, after a severe race.

The Portland Stakes at the Leicester Meeting was the most important two-year-old race that had taken place in the history of the turf. To give some idea of the truth of this, we may observe that the Middle Park Plate, which used to be looked upon as a sort of two-year-old Derby, even in its best days was never worth more than 4,840*l.* (it was only worth 2,235*l.* last year), whereas the Portland Stakes was worth 7,000*l.*, of which 6,000*l.* was given to the winner, 750*l.* to the second, and 250*l.* to the third. Twenty-five horses started, a number which has only once been beaten, or equalled, by a field that has run for any of the twenty-two Middle Park Plates. The race produced a great deal of betting, and the first favourite was Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, a splendid-looking chestnut colt, by Robert the Devil out of the Oaks winner, Jenny Howlet. He was reported to have been very highly tried, and only 10 to 3 was laid against him, whereas 8 to 1 was laid against Donovan as well as Spoleta, both of whom had already won races. After a long delay, caused by the fretfulness at the post of some of the party, the favourite jumped off in front of his opponents. When he had run a quarter of a mile, the good-looking Gay Hampton, a colt that had cost 3,000 guineas last year, was beaten; it is said, however, that he got a very bad start. Chitabob held the lead almost as far as the distance, where he was passed by the Duke of Portland's Donovan, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado, a remarkably good-looking colt by Sterling that had not done very well in the early part of the race; Mr. A. W. Merry's Your Grace, a promising filly by Galliard that had started at the extreme outside price of 50 to 1; and Baron de Rothschild's Crinière, by Robert the Devil, also passed the favourite inside the distance. Donovan kept in front to the finish without difficulty, and won in grand style by three lengths; El Dorado, Your Grace, and Crinière finishing close together in the above order. The question is, whether Donovan is the sort of colt that is likely to train on and to continue to improve. Some people say not, as they consider him too straight on his forelegs. Be this as it may, he has already won 7,034*l.* in stakes alone in two races, and if he should never win another race he could not be called a failure. It is, of course, extremely doubtful how far any two-year-old form shown so early in the season is to be trusted with regard to future events. Before the day of the Portland Stakes, much was made of the fact that fifteen of the horses entered for it had cost 18,400*l.* as yearlings. It was still more remarkable that of these expensive and presumably super-excellent youngsters only one went to the post, and that he did not finish among the first dozen. It may be worth adding that the first four horses in the race had been bred by their owners.

On any other occasion the Excelsior Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,000*l.*, that was run for an hour after the Portland Stakes, would have been considered a two-year-old race of high importance.

The favourite, "Mr. Abington's" Maynooth, a grand-looking chestnut with a good deal of white about him, in the opinion of some critics was scarcely fit; but odds of 6 to 5 were laid upon him. He seemed to become tired at the finish, and he was beaten a neck by Lord Zetland's colt by Springfield out of Pinta by Adventurer. As Maynooth was giving the winner 3*l.* there was not very much to choose between the performances of the pair. Most people preferred the appearance of Maynooth; but it was doubted whether he did not show a want of gameness in the final struggle. On the Saturday, the Leicestershire Spring Handicap of 1,000*l.* brought out a field of a dozen, and gave rise to a great deal of gambling. "Mr. Wardour's" Oberon, who had been for some time a strong favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, was again made first favourite here; but, as at Lincoln, he went back a little in the betting just at the last, and at the start Lisbon was fractionally the best favourite, while King Monmouth, Bessie, and Tib were all backed at within a point and a half of the odds laid against Oberon. The Duke of Portland's three-year-old colt, Johnny Morgan, got a good start, and kept in the front rank throughout. A quarter of a mile from home he was leading, with Tib and King Monmouth in his wake. As Tib was only giving him 1*l.*, instead of the regulation allowance of 23*l.*, for two years, it looked as if he might overhaul him, and King Monmouth had a 10*l.* advantage over him at weight-for-age. Oberon also held a good place, and so did Kinsky, who was giving a great deal of weight to everything in the handicap, including 12*l.* more than weight-for-age to Johnny Morgan. Tib was beaten before reaching the stand, and the next to give way was Oberon. There was a gallant struggle for a few yards between Johnny Morgan, King Monmouth, and Kinsky; but the three-year-old had the best of it, and the trio finished in the above order, Johnny Morgan winning by a length from King Monmouth, who was only a head in front of Kinsky, with whom, considering the weight he carried (9 st. 6*l.*), rested the honours of the race. It will be remembered that he won this handicap a year ago, as well as the Leicestershire Jubilee Cup, of 1,875*l.*, over the same course in July. Excellent, however, as was the form now shown by Kinsky, Johnny Morgan's victory was a highly creditable one, even allowing 12*l.* for the beating by a length which he gave to Kinsky. Last year he won three races, worth more than 1,200*l.*; but he was then very inferior to Crowberry, Orbit, Ossory, Sandal, Senanus, Acme, and Cardinal Mai; so, unless he has improved immensely on his two-year-old form, which is neither impossible nor improbable, the three-year-olds just mentioned ought to be flyers of exceptional merit. It was the general opinion that he had grown a great deal since the autumn, and it may be that he has a great career before him, for he is by Springfield out of a mare by Scottish Chief, out of Lady Morgan by Thormanby, while his great-granddam was descended from Bay Middleton on one side and from Venison on the other. Without wishing to depreciate the merits of his performance in the Leicestershire Handicap, it may be judicious to keep in mind that King Monmouth was unusually fretful and nervous before the race, kicking and sweating in a manner that made it doubtful whether his form on that day could be safely trusted in making calculations for the future.

Three days after Leicester came Epsom. Some of the interest of the Metropolitan Stakes was taken away by the scratching of Humewood, the winner of the Cesarewitch, and several other good horses were put out of court through want of condition. The severe weather of this spring has affected some training grounds far more than others, and at two very large stables the horses are exceedingly backward. Chippeway had lost all the twelve races for which he had ever started, yet on some of his form, such as his second for the Epsom Grand Prize, it looked as if he might some day win a good handicap under a light weight. The Cob was said to be short of condition, but he had won this race last year, and Tissaphernes obtained support on the strength of his easy victory over a field of eighteen at Manchester in November. The horses merely cantered for the first mile and a half, and when they began to race in earnest in the straight, the Duke of Beaufort's The Cob and Mr. H. T. Barclay's Tissaphernes came away together, the latter winning by three lengths. Like his owner's other Irish horse, Bendigo, Tissaphernes did not run as a two-year-old.

Merry Hampton was made an early favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap. Second, or even third-rate as he might be as a winner of the Derby, it was thought that he was leniently treated at 8 st. 10*l.*, especially on a course which had been proved to be to his liking. Eiridsport was another horse that had won a great race at Epsom, so he also was expected to run well over that course again, although the 11*l.* which he was now to receive from Merry Hampton would scarcely have put the pair on an equality on either their Derby or St. Leger form. Sir Frederick Johnstone's Candlemas was another competitor that had been successful at Epsom, having, like Eiridsport, won the Grand Prize. Then there was Sir George Chetwynd's Fullerton, in alluding to whom we will merely say that there are some horses which persist in running inconsistently, in defiance of the most strenuous efforts of their owners and trainers. A City and Suburban would be incomplete without the presence of a smart three-year-old, and on this occasion there were one or two which had the reputation of being at least as smart as usual. One of these was the Duke of St. Albans' Galore, a bay colt by Galopin, who could not only boast of having won two good races in grand form

last season, but also of a very high private reputation. Another was "Mr. E. Wardour's" Mon Droit, a chestnut filly by Isonomy, that had cost 2,900 guineas, and won five races, worth 2,657*l.* as a two-year-old. Mr. D. Baird's Woodland had won the Electric Stakes of 1,843*l.* last year at Sandown, on which occasion he beat Rêve d'Or. Martley had been third for the Derby, six lengths behind Merry Hampton, and only 7*lbs.* were now allowed to bring the pair together, although Martley had never won a race since he was a two-year-old, and had run badly this spring for the Lincolnshire Handicap. He had, however, given Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, 7*lbs.* and run him to a head in his last race of 1887; and, if he had returned to that form, he might, it was thought, be capable of winning the City and Suburban even under 8*st.* 3*lbs.* A handicap field that included a winner of a Derby and two winners of the Epsom Grand Prize could not be considered a very poor one, and the fact that these successful horses were now to meet on the scene of their former victories added greatly to the interest of the race.

Merry Hampton's old rival, The Baron, got the best of the start, but the lead was soon taken by Oliver Twist, the winner of the first race noticed in this article, and he held it for the first mile. Then Woodland went up to him, and the pair appeared to be fighting out the race between them at the distance, when Fullerton dashed up, gave them the go-by, and won by a couple of lengths. Abu Klea, who was meeting Oliver Twist on 7*lbs.* better terms than at Northampton, made a rush at the finish and got to within half a length of Oliver Twist's head. Merry Hampton, who started first favourite at less than 4 to 1, was never prominent in the race from start to finish.

HISTORY AT THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB.

THE dinner of reconciliation which was given to Mr. Chamberlain at the Devonshire Club on Monday testified to the bitterness of an unhealed quarrel. The speeches of the representatives of the two sections of the Liberal party were marked by extreme civility and an abundant lack of cordiality. The orators on both sides seemed conscious that, if they were not elaborately polite, they would be frankly acrimonious. As an example of the art of skating upon thin ice and of picking one's way between pitfalls on the one side and snares on the other, the speeches were highly ingenious and interesting. Apparently, Mr. Chamberlain's diplomatic success in America, and the contribution which he has made to a good understanding between this country and the United States, have suggested to Lord Granville, or probably have suggested to Mr. Gladstone, of whom politically Lord Granville is the shadow and instrument, the desirability of claiming a share in that success through such share as they may have in Mr. Chamberlain. The member for West Birmingham is alternately denounced and embraced, as suits the tactics of the Separatist leaders. It may be doubted whether the dinner and the speeches which followed it made any real contribution to the union of the two fractions of the Liberal party.

Mr. Childers encouraged himself by falling back upon precedents. Towards the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, he informed his fellow-banqueters, the Liberal party had been divided upon a question as vital as that which now disintegrates it. But permanent reunion speedily followed temporary separation. Mr. Childers's historic views are original, and exhibit a generous independence of facts. He did not base his consolatory conclusion as to the speedy healing of existing differences merely upon Whig precedents. He found grounds for hopefulness in the history of Toryism. Mr. Pitt, as he informed his wondering or credulous listeners, "was separated from his party and connexion for more than three years, between 1801 and 1804, and yet that great breach was healed." Mr. Childers did not inform the Devonians of St. James's Street that Mr. Pitt came into office in 1804, not because the split in the Conservative party was healed, but because the divergence between its different sections had become wider than ever. The letter which he wrote to the King, saying that he could no longer support the Government of Mr. Addington, brought about the fall of that Minister. Mr. Pitt's wish and aim were not to reunite the divided sections of the Tory party, but to form a coalition with the Whigs. He desired to include Fox, Grenville, and their friends in the Cabinet. In the autograph list of his proposed Administration, of which Lord Stanhope has printed a facsimile, the Foreign Office is assigned to Fox. The King's rejection of Mr. Fox's name and the refusal of the other Whig leaders to enter the Government without him defeated this project. At a later period of his second Administration Mr. Pitt made another overture to Fox. Its failure alone led him reluctantly to have recourse to Mr. Addington (now created Lord Sidmouth), whose Parliamentary contingent, in default of the Whig support, which he would have preferred, became indispensable.

The other instance which Mr. Childers has taken of the tendency of the divided sections of political parties speedily to reunite is not more to the point. "In our political party," he says, "you will remember that in 1794, under the advice and influence of Mr. Burke, a large portion of the Whig party separated from Mr. Fox, and carried over the heads of many of the great families, including four or five great statesmen of the time, and adding greatly to the strength of Mr. Pitt's Government. And yet

not many years after every one of those great statesmen, with one exception, were members of the Government headed by Mr. Fox, and remained good Liberals to the end." Mr. Childers forgot to remember that the Grenville-Fox Administration was not a duumvirate, but a triumvirate. It was a Grenville-Fox-Sidmouth Administration. Lord Sidmouth and Lord Ellenborough, Tories of the Tories, had seats in the Cabinet. The Government depended for its existence on the forty or fifty votes which Lord Sidmouth commanded in the House of Commons, and when he withdrew from it it fell to pieces. The Fox-Grenville Administration of 1806-1807 was not a purely Liberal Administration. It was essentially a Coalition Government. Even if it had been exclusively Whig, it would not have borne out Mr. Childers's contention that the divisions of the Liberal party which he dates from 1794 were speedily healed. Between 1794 and 1806, as Mr. Childers is arithmetician enough to be able to compute, there were twelve years of Whig separation and exclusion from office. We fear that, if the existing divisions last as long, very few members of the Gladstonian party will live to see the reconciliation to which they look forward.

The fact is that the Whig divisions, which Mr. Childers dates from 1794, had their origin twelve years earlier. They began in 1782, when the Fox Whigs broke off from the Shelburne Whigs; and the disunion of the Liberal party which was then effected, instead of being as shortlived as Mr. Childers alleges, was not healed for nearly half a century, during which time the Whigs remained, with two partial and little more than momentary exceptions, permanently excluded from office. If events had followed their natural course the coalition with Fox, which Pitt made repeated efforts to bring about, would have been accomplished. It was prevented only by an influence which is not now exercised in politics—by the personal intervention of the King. The tendency of opinion and events was not to the reconstruction of the old parties on their original basis, but to a coalition between them, a coalition which was more than once essayed by Lord Wellesley and Lord Moira, and which, after many years, was realized under Mr. Canning. The moral to be drawn from the facts of the case is precisely the opposite of that which Mr. Childers derives from his imperfect and erroneous recital of them. Mr. Fox, as even Mr. Childers, we suppose, must be aware, was by no means the party Puritan which some persons suppose him to be. He was ready to coalesce with anybody for the sake of the Parliamentary strength which an alliance would give him. The seventy or eighty votes which Lord North commanded were the motive of his union with that statesman in 1783, as the forty or fifty votes which Lord Sidmouth disposed of led to his admission into the Cabinet of 1806, of which Fox was the real, though not the ostensible, chief. Possibly if Fox lived now, he would have found the eighty-five Irish votes, which have proved too much for the political virtue of Mr. Gladstone, a temptation too powerful for him to resist. We admit that parallelism, though Mr. Childers does not insist on it. Lord Granville assumed at the Devonshire Club on Monday that the Liberals who follow Lord Hartington and the Liberals who follow Mr. Gladstone are divided only upon one question. If this were so, this one question, involving the unity and integrity of the Empire, would be enough. But the fact is not as Lord Granville represents it to himself. The Parliamentary disunion of Ireland and England, involving, as it does, ultimately the total separation of the two countries, is not the only nor even the main point at issue in what was once the Liberal party. The authority of law and the first principles of morality are in controversy. By open statement or clear implication, or by disingenuous silence, or by timid deprecation which practically grants under the form of weak protest what it ostensibly affects to withhold, Mr. Gladstone and his followers have made themselves parties to the extreme doctrines of French Jacobinism. The condition of things in Ireland now exhibits upon a smaller scale the precise counterpart of the disorder which characterized France nearly a hundred years ago. Reticulous Ireland is revolutionary France looked at through the minifying end of the telescope. Mr. Childers would do well to remember that Fox did not succeed in obtaining in 1806 a few months' tenure of office until he had disavowed the sympathy with French principles and methods which so long excluded him from place; and that the Liberal party gained firm hold of power only when it once more recognized the supremacy of law, and re-adopted constitutional maxims of conduct. When Mr. Gladstone makes a similar retraction, and not until then, may the Liberal split be healed.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

AT the "National" theatre Mr. Augustus Harris, disappointed in his arrangements by the sudden illness of Miss Sophie Eyre, whereby neither *She* nor *Nitocris* could be produced, fell back for the holiday season at the last moment on an old success—Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's stirring drama *A Run of Luck*, which was originally produced in the autumn of 1886. It is perhaps the best constructed and most interesting of the long series of plays of its class which have been represented at Drury Lane of late years. The characters are sketched with vigour, and are less exaggerated than usual. Then it is excellently placed upon the stage. Horses and hounds—and not a few of them, but many—enter largely into its spectacular scheme. Mr. Harris has given us nothing better than the Goodwood scene—the ball-room, the paddock, and the "meets"—in this play. A few changes in the cast call for remark. Miss May Fortescue now plays the heroine,

originally created by Miss Alma Murray; and displays, in the stronger scenes especially, a remarkable improvement in her style of acting and in her sincerity of histrionic purpose.

Mr. George Giddens and Mr. T. G. Warren have taken the management of that rather capricious house, the Novelty, in hand, and with apparently a chance of making fortune smile at last upon one of the prettiest and really most commodious theatres in London. They selected, by way of opening novelty, a fair but by no means remarkable translation of François Coppée's charming little piece *Le Luthier de Crémone*. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is the adapter, and he has succeeded well enough in rendering into English the graceful and quaint lines of Coppée, but he has failed to catch the true spirit of the piece, and frequently startles us by commonplace expressions. Mr. Giddens has done so much excellent work that one feels loth to condemn him in an ambitious undertaking; but frankly, his Filippo is not interesting. Mr. Dawson is delightfully genial as Ferrari, and contrives with much ability to subdue the over-exuberance of the character as expressed in the translation into harmony with its refined surroundings. Miss Measor as Giannetta was charmingly modest and refined. *Nita's First* is a lively farce by Mr. Warren, which was produced successfully some years ago at this theatre. It turns mainly upon the adventures of an unhappy baby, who tumbles throughout from pillar to post in an amusing manner, and provokes incessant laughter; for there is nothing that so greatly delights an average audience as a baby which cries or a stray cat upon the stage. *Nita's First*, however, has other merits, and it is very well acted, notably by Mr. Giddens, Mr. Stewart Dawson, and Miss Kingston.

A little farce, a sort of old-fashioned French vaudeville, with "couplets" and other incidental musical pieces introduced, marked the "opening" night for the holidays at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. It is entitled *Warranted Burglar Proof*, words by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, and music by Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. H. J. Leslie. The plot—which is borrowed from M. Remo's *Le Pays des Brouillards*, if we mistake not—is not strikingly original, but affords much amusement from the complications which arise from the purchase by a certain nervous gentleman named Beeswing of a famous apparatus warranted to keep out burglars. This trifle is remarkably well acted by Mr. Peachey, Mr. King, Mr. Le Hay, and by the Misses Chapuy, Angarde, and Rayner. The music is pretty and tuneful, but not remarkably original. It is, however, "catchy"—some of the numbers will probably be ground to death ere long on Signor Verdi's mortal enemies, "gli organi di Barbaria"—the street organs.

Mr. Burnand has done nothing better for a long time than his burlesque upon Mrs. Campbell Præd's extraordinary melodrama, *Ariane*. He has entitled his travesty *Airy Annie*; and has mercilessly boiled down to one short act the entire intrigue of the Opera Comique's "latest success." That piece, however, is none the less remarkably well satirized in all its details, and not a "point" is missed. The ludicrously improbable plot is satirized with almost malicious adroitness. The strange ethical code in vogue among its *dramatis personæ* is quizzed with unflinching spirit. The dialogue is bright, although, of course, ephemeral, catching the idiosyncrasies of "the passing show" perfectly with good taste and kindness, so that the author of the play should be the first to laugh at this graceful *exposé* of her own absurdities. The acting does full justice to the parody. Miss Alice Atherton's make-up as Chevalier Marius de Valence is uncanny in its realism. She looks so exactly like M. Marius that until she begins to sing the illusion is quite amazing. Equally clever is Miss Margaret Ayrton's capacity for imitating Mrs. Bernard Beere. Her study of this distinguished actress's dress, voice, and gesture is so extraordinary, that in scenes in which she acts with apparent earnestness Mrs. Beere herself seems to be before the spectator. Mr. Willie Edouin is almost as happy in his imitation of Mr. Henry Neville Lomax of "boozing proclivities." Miss Grace Huntley is a double of Miss Laura Linden as Babette; and the "society characters" are quite as diverting, though they have very little to do.

The Alhambra has been entirely redecorated, and was formally reopened on Saturday last, although the elaborate works were conducted so skilfully that the house was not shut for a single night. Mr. Campbell Smith has produced nothing more tasteful yet than the embellishments of this fine theatre. Without interfering at all with its Oriental character, he has introduced a scheme of colour which, even if it is not particularly Asiatic, is, all the same, very fairy-like and elegant. The colour-key is pale blue, shaded to indigo, and relieved with dead gold. The electric light has been effectively arranged everywhere, even in lanterns fitted with prismatic-hued glass. The whole theatre, although it glitters with gold, has an air of repose which is simply charming.

There have been several matinees at various theatres during the past week, but none of merit. Mr. J. F. Nesbitt's play, *Dorothy Gray*, was a singular instance of incompetence, possessing neither dramatic interest nor literary worth. Its vulgarity was not redeemed even by the conscientious work of the artists who endeavoured to interpret it, and who, from Miss Hawthorne herself to the telegraph boy who had but a line to speak, did their best for the piece, only to be pitied for their pains. Miss Ward, too, appeared in a matinee performance of a play called *The Loadstone*. We think this really clever actress must wish by this time she had never heard of it. It was only a trifle superior to *Dorothy Gray*.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery looks more varied in appearance this year. It began as an exposition of the views of a clique; it now tends to express tolerably fully the revival of art in England amongst the younger men. Still it cannot yet be taken to cover the whole field of progress; we miss the names of one or two men who can see justly and paint elegantly or effectively. Whatever eccentricities may surround a movement, it must be judged a healthy one if it causes artists both to pay attention to what they personally see and feel in nature, and to seek to render it on the principles of the broadest and most thorough technique. Some exception may be taken to certain of the subjects and styles of composition in favour here, but no one who knows anything of drawing, modelling, style in brushwork, and atmospheric unity of effect, will deny that a very high level of knowledge and skill is reached by this group of artists. When we think of the false values, feeble niggling, and childish modelling which meet the eye in most galleries, we feel inclined to say that there are no bad pictures at the New English Art Club. It is true, at any rate, that there is no picture which does not show that its author has been trained in that large part of his art which can be learnt as a craft. Most of the canvases show, in addition, some quality or other carried up to the level of really good spontaneous art. Hardly one of these painters, if he caught an inspiration of genius, need feel himself tongue-tied by lack of the means of expression. A cultivated realism is the most common basis of their art. Among its chief principles are fidelity to the large impression of tone made by a whole scene, definition of objects according to their real importance in the ensemble, and the use of technique to enforce the sentiment and complete the unity of feeling. But personal feeling and a gift of original vision are not to be had at command; and this has given rise to certain hypocrisies which hide themselves under the badge of the sincere. One or two pictures in the gallery cover a certain want of sincerity, more or less gracefully, with the technique of a school as with a uniform. It should be said that in most cases this dress is sufficiently elegant to admit of their appearing in good society. In a gallery so good as this one it becomes invidious to pick out a few pictures for special remark. Generally speaking one is glad to pass over the bulk of a show; but here it is with regret that one feels obliged to leave unnoticed many canvases as good as those that are mentioned. We must, therefore, speak only of those which happened to strike us most at a first visit. A quiet style of portraiture, not without breadth and dignity, obtains here. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Mrs. Fox" (81), by its perfect modelling and its beautiful reserve and sobriety, impresses one gradually, it is true, but in the end more strongly than more showy work. Mr. Walton's "Portrait" (43), also a likeness of a lady, is painted in quiet tone, but with a harmonious dignity of style that reminds one of an old master. Mr. Francis Bate's "Gaslight and Matchlight—Portrait of G. Léon Little, Esq." (11) is less reserved and unaffected; well as it has been rendered, we are not certain that such an out-of-the-way effect of light does not tend to disturb the repose of a portrait. Open-air subjects with figures seem very favourite compositions, and for the most part they are composed naturally and without much ostentation of art. Such are Mr. H. S. Tuke's picture of a boy and girl under an apple-tree, "The Promise" (39); Mr. Fred Brown's "When the setting sun is low" (41); Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Nude Studies" (108 and 113); Mr. Francis Bate's delicate arrangement of light creamy tones, "Idle Gossip" (13); and Mr. J. E. Christie's less realistic but fanciful and charming group, "A Sunny Shower" (57). Mr. Tuke's picture pleases one by the complete absence of parade with which he has conveyed both deep feeling and a wonderful truth of tone and colour. Mr. Fred Brown's effect of light has been sincerely studied, and it is painted without any wish to startle or surprise; as a matter of composition, perhaps the isolated figure on the right might be removed with an advantageous effect of concentration. Mr. Harrison's "Nudes" are very interesting on their own merits of observation and handling, and as showing his method of study for his large "Arcadia" of a previous year. To our mind the oppositions of the masses of colour tell better on this small scale than in the big canvas. Of several interiors with figures none seems to give the shock of fresh truth so vividly as Mr. Norman Garstin's "Iron Master" (103), though the multiplication of stiff objects belonging to the blacksmith's forge interferes with the suavity of the composition. Works from a more eccentric point of view abound, and they are not, as a rule, without discrepancies of style or fact. For instance, Mr. Steer's "Summer's Evening" (74), a coast scene with nude figures, seems to us a much too large and somewhat unintelligent essay in the "impressionisme" of Claude Monet. The sky and the distance are not truthfully enveloped in air, and the colours in these large quantities fail to produce the illusion of light. Mr. Raven-Hill, in "Combat with the Bear, Ancient Britain" (32), goes no further in the way of imagination than placing well-drawn figures in a clever, realistic, ordinary landscape. He has even felt no pang of conscience in introducing a pollarded tree. Mr. Whistler's "White Note" (98) cannot with justice be called eccentric. He has attained so admirable a style and so ravishing a quality of paint that one cannot help regretting that any careless touches should anywhere suggest false drawing or modelling in what would otherwise have been a complete work of the highest art. The landscapes are numerous, and most of them excellent. Careful attention is due to Mr. Walton's

really noble study in water-colour of a tree against the sky, "Landscape" (49), a work eminently original, and yet treated with all the grandeur of the fine schools of France and Holland; to the rolling sky and truly aerial envelopment of Mr. James Paterson's "Happy Valley" (30); to the low, luminous tone, soft, wavy, well-massed reeds, and exquisite sentiment of Mr. W. J. Laidlay's "Duck-shooting on the Broads" (102); to the rich, velvety, yet perfectly true colouring of Mr. Charles's freely painted and unaffected canvas, "The Lost Cap" (34), and to the conscientious but somewhat grim realism of Mr. A. Mann's carefully finished "By the Findhorn" (121). Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Evening on the Marne" (69) is a charming effect daintily handled, and Mr. G. D. Curtis's "November Day" (78), a little gem of grey colour and suggestive workmanship. Mr. Peppercorn gets a refined and decorative quality of colour in "Afternoon" (71), and Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Return of Spring" would admirably recall the sad tranquillity of nature but for the foreground, lily-pads, reeds, water, which hardly equal the rest of the picture. Messrs. Percy Belgrave, G. Clausen, H. Simpson, F. W. Jackson, and others send good open-air work. Amongst contributors of figure-work of various sorts, whose merits or whose reputations entitle them to consideration, are Messrs. Degas, Hubert Vos, Stanhope Forbes, T. Roussel, J. E. Blanche, and F. Bramley.

THE DISCUSSION ON THE BUDGET.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone on Monday evening reserved his freedom of judgment respecting the new taxes, he expressed approval of several parts of the Budget, and his approval is more significant than his reservation. The other speeches, with the exception of Mr. Goschen's two replies, are hardly deserving of notice. There were, of course, the inevitable grumbings in regard to the new taxes; but members generally felt with Mr. Gladstone that it is premature to criticize these until the Bill imposing them is before the House. There were also the usual taunts that the Budget is a rich man's Budget, favouring property at the expense of labour. But to this taunt the Chancellor of the Exchequer's answer was complete. It is true, of course, that the Income-tax is not paid by the great bulk of the working classes; but it falls heavily upon the lower middle class, and very heavily indeed upon the professional class. A reduction of a penny in the pound in the Income-tax is, therefore, a very material advantage to classes quite as deserving of consideration as any in the community. And the relief given to ratepayers is also a relief given to struggling classes. It was argued by some, indeed, that the relief would go entirely to the owners of property; but, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out, if the relief will go entirely to the owners of property, then it follows that the owners of property pay the whole of the enormous amount of the rates, and it can hardly be contended that upon one small class, the owners of property, the whole burden of the rates should fall. But we return to Mr. Gladstone's speech, the only one really deserving of consideration. Apart from the new taxes, as to which he reserved his freedom of judgment, there were three points, respecting which much interest was felt as to the views Mr. Gladstone would take; the transference of half the Probate-duty to the local authorities, the reduction of the Income-tax without a corresponding relief to the general consumer, and the raising of the Succession-duty. By all his antecedents Mr. Gladstone was bound to approve of the getting rid of grants in aid. They take away the one great check upon the extravagance of public bodies of all kinds—namely, the necessity of themselves finding the money which they spend, for the grants in aid have to be found by Parliament while they are spent by the local authorities. Moreover, the grants in aid appear twice in the national expenditure—first in the Imperial Budget, and secondly in the Local Budget, and thus seem to make the expenditure larger than it really is. This, of course, is a mere matter of book-keeping; but good book-keeping is of the essence of good finance. And, lastly, the grants in aid were admittedly made only as temporary arrangements pending the reform of our local administration. For all these reasons Mr. Gladstone was bound to approve of the withdrawal of the grants in aid. He was also bound to approve the relief to the rates by a contribution from personality. Parliament after Parliament has affirmed that personal property ought to contribute to the rates, and in the face of such affirmations Mr. Gladstone had no option but to approve of the action of the Government. Still, it was open to him to object to the transference of half the Probate-duty; and, in truth, a very respectable argument could be advanced in support of the objection. For it might be urged that the transference continues in another form the grants in aid. The Probate-duty must continue to be imposed by Parliament, for it would never do to have one rate of duty in one part of the country and another rate in another. And the Probate-duty must also be collected by the Imperial authorities. Yet half the duty will be spent by the local authorities. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone emphatically approved of the transference; conclusive evidence of the difficulty of finding any other means of satisfying the demand for a contribution from personality in aid of rates. Since the two greatest financial authorities in the House of Commons are thus at one upon the point we may assume

that this portion of the Budget will be carried without serious opposition.

Mr. Gladstone, again, was bound by his antecedents to approve of the reduction of the Income-tax. In principle the tax itself has been strongly condemned by him; indeed, he proposed to get rid of it altogether. And it is admitted by all parties that the tax should in ordinary times be kept at a low rate. Recently, however, it has been at a very high rate; and, as we have just been pointing out, it falls with exceptional severity upon professional men. Although their incomes depend upon their lives, and in the majority of cases, indeed, upon their health, they have yet to pay the full rate of the tax upon their whole incomes, just as the owners of property do whose incomes live after them. It is manifestly unfair that a tax so anomalous in many respects, so severely felt by struggling tradesmen and the professional classes, and necessitating inquisitorial powers, should be maintained at a higher rate than is imperatively necessary. Therefore it could safely be predicted beforehand that Mr. Gladstone would not venture to oppose the reduction of the Income-tax. But hitherto he has argued that the relief to the Income-tax payers ought to be accompanied by a relief to the general consumer, and there was much curiosity felt as to whether he would oppose the Budget on the ground that the general consumer is not now benefited. He did not venture, however, to take up an actually hostile position, though he intimated some dissatisfaction that the interests of the general consumer have not been consulted. We venture to think, however, that in this matter the action of Mr. Goschen is to be preferred to the theory of Mr. Gladstone. The Income-tax was imposed by Sir Robert Peel for the express purpose of enabling him to reform our fiscal system. That reform has consisted in relieving the general consumer from burdens that were unduly oppressive, and in also relieving industry. The reform is practically now complete. There are, of course, many points that yet need adjustment; but, so far as the general consumer is concerned, he has exceedingly little to complain of. Duties have been taken off all but a very few articles of general consumption, and many even of these are luxuries rather than necessities. On the necessities of life taxation is light. There is really, therefore, no just claim on the part of the general consumer for relief; while, as we have just been pointing out above, the Income-tax payer has a very just and a very strong claim. He has borne the expense of all the relief that has been given to the general consumer for nearly half a century; and yet in too many instances he is as ill able to bear the burden as the general consumer himself. The Chancellor of the Exchequer retorted that the general consumer is, in fact, relieved by his Budget, since a very large measure of relief is given to the ratepayers, and the ratepayers comprise all householders. The answer is ingenious, but it is not quite satisfactory. Compound householders—that is to say, the very poorest classes of householders—do not pay rates, and neither do lodgers. The real defence for Mr. Goschen's Budget is that the time has come when Local Government reform must be attempted; that Local Government reform makes necessary a readjustment of Imperial and local taxation; that the surplus at Mr. Goschen's disposal does not permit a reduction of the Income-tax and a relief to ratepayers, together with a remission of taxation in favour of the general consumer, and that the Income-tax payer has a better claim to relief than the general consumer.

The greater part of Mr. Gladstone's speech, however, was devoted to the question of the equalization of the Succession and Probate duties. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to hand over half the Probate-duty to the local authorities. At present the Probate-duty amounts to 3 per cent. There will remain, therefore, only 1½ per cent. payable to the Imperial Exchequer. As half the Probate-duty is transferred to the local authorities so as to equalize the burden of the rates upon real and personal property, so the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to equalize the contributions from real and personal property to the Imperial Exchequer by raising the Succession-duty from 1 to 1½ per cent. Both the Probate-duty and the Succession-duty, so far as Imperial taxation is concerned, will, therefore, in future pay 1½ per cent. Mr. Gladstone, however, argues that the equalization thus attempted is not real. In the first place, he points out that the Probate-duty is levied on the full value of the legacy, whereas the Succession-duty is levied only upon the capitalized value of the life interest inherited—a very different thing, undoubtedly. If, for example, an old man inherits an estate his life interest is necessarily small, and yet it is only upon the capitalized value of that life interest that the Succession-duty is paid. Further, Mr. Goschen proposes, while raising the Succession-duty 50 per cent., to extend from four years to eight years the time within which the duty may be paid. On this Mr. Gladstone observes—firstly, that the Probate-duty has to be paid at once, and that an immediate payment is much more onerous than one extended over eight years, even if the total amounts in both cases were the same; and, secondly, he objects that, if the person liable to Succession-duty dies before the whole duty is paid, the balance unpaid is wiped out; that even during the four years which are now allowed for payment deaths of inheritors are frequent, and that they will be much more frequent when the period of grace is extended to eight years, and that consequently the loss to the Imperial Exchequer will be considerable. He gives notice, therefore, that, when the taxing Bill comes up for discussion, he will bring forward a counter proposal for really equalizing the Succession and the Probate duties. Mr. Goschen was cautious in his reply, allowing it to be seen that to a very large extent he agrees in

principle with Mr. Gladstone, although just at present he is not prepared to carry out Mr. Gladstone's views. Those views have often been expressed before, and all parties have practically adopted them. The late Lord Iddesleigh, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a very considerable change in the Death-duties, and it is understood that Mr. Goschen is in favour of a much more sweeping change. But a Minister can do only a certain amount of work in a given time. This year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to prepare and carry through his Conversion scheme. He has not, therefore, been able to elaborate with the necessary care a plan for a satisfactory reform of the Death-duties. But doubtless the reform is only postponed. Meantime he argues that the equalization of the two duties is more complete than Mr. Gladstone admits, and he vouchsafed to the House the interesting piece of information that the average number of years for which Succession-duty is paid is 13½. This undoubtedly would seem to show that deaths do not take place so frequently as Mr. Gladstone seems to believe. And, further, the Chancellor of the Exchequer successfully defended the extension of time for paying Succession-duty by pointing out that land cannot be readily sold like personal property. He might have added that a part of an estate sometimes cannot be sold at all. It is evident, however, from Mr. Gladstone's speech that he intends to wage upon the Death-duties the main battle concerning the Budget. Respecting the new taxes he has not yet made up his mind. He is not quite sure whether the country generally is for or against them. But upon the Death-duties his views are distinct and strong. On them, therefore, he will take issue with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday at the Crystal Palace Weber's introduction to *Oberon* was beautifully played, especially the "Adagio sostenuto." The splendid orchestra of the Crystal Palace fully justified their reputation by a most delicate rendering of the instrumental colouring which throws an air of romantic mystery over this opening section of the Overture. One seldom hears horns sounded with this smooth evenness, this mellow quality of tone. Effective as was the general feeling of agitation impressed on the "Allegro con fuoco," an occasional indistinctness of detail and a want of nervous force here and there made it a less wonderful performance than the "Adagio." Mr. Dvorák's Symphony No. 3, in F Major, though lately published, was composed in 1875—that is to say, before the two we have already heard. It is said with truth in the programme that this work belongs to Dvorák's "transitional period from the natural and national to the classical," that "in the first two movements we find the Bohemian musician Germanized and working in classical forms," and that in the third he gives us "an extended Slavonic dance-movement," while in the "Finale" his "fancy" is "unrestrained" by the "trammels" of the classic. Still, the ordinary concert-goer, if not of the "advanced" creed in art, must expect to find in this Symphony none of the clearness and serene dignity of the real classic, and, it is fair to add, none of the formal and colourless dulness of an imitation. It is only by comparison that the first two movements seem classic, and then in the lines of their structure rather than in their spirit. Mr. Dvorák has used, perhaps at times abused, every resource of orchestration before the Symphony is finished. At the very outset, however, he deals in lively rhythms and original melody; the instrumentation of the second movement is an improvement upon that of the first in picturesqueness and unity of idea. The third movement is built on tunes of marked character, and is very direct and unmistakable in its aims and intentions. All ornamentation or development tells; and there is no waste of sentiment or effect. The last division may be a little long, but it teems with noise, strangeness, and riotous abandonment to orchestral colour. The performance, as far as one could judge of the interpretation on a first hearing, did full justice to the work.

Spohr's name again appeared on the programme; but his Concerto No. 7 for Violin in E Minor did not seem so dull as the "Power of Sound" last Saturday. Its solo interest, and the fact of its not being under the shadow of Beethoven, as that Symphony was, decidedly told in its favour. In itself, too, it is unquestionably light and graceful music, occasionally showy, but well suited to the instrument which, by the way, Herr Hans Wessely handled to excellent purpose. The sentimental sorts of melody which abound in the work the soloist played with feeling and good technique. In a few of the more jerky passages, had he played in broader style, he might have lessened the poverty of the effect. The second movement, an Adagio, is the most pathetic; the Final Rondo the most sparkling and brilliant. On the whole, however, Herr Wessely's best achievement was his beautiful rendering of Wieniawski's Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra on airs from *Faust*. Here he displayed to the full his tenderness of touch and his apt and pathetic turn of phrasing. The singer was Mme. Valleria, and she gave Wagner's air "Elsa's Dream" from *Lohengrin*, Mendelssohn's "Winterlied," and Schumann's "Widmung" in her usual style. The concert was brought to a close by a fine rendering of Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*.

THE SUMMONS TO RISE.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
Since our meetings by day are proclaimed,
And by day every movement is known,
And the place of our rendezvous named.
But what though the day we must yield
To our tyrants? The night is our own;
We are sure to be first in the field
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

Soft wrapped in embraces of sleep
When the Rile Irish Constable lies,
And the dews of forgetfulness steep
The removable magistrate's eyes;
O! 'tis then that contempt of the law
May with singular safety be shown,
For they can't say you hold it in awe
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

I have tried circumventing the foe
More than once when the sun was on high;
But I own I have found it no go,
And I think it is useless to try.
To go racing about in a car,
To be jolted, perhaps to be thrown,
Is absurd; it were better by far
That you met me by moonlight alone.

In the morn, at three-thirty or so,
See the patriot ready to start.
'Tis a frost; but his breast is aglow
With the warmth of his patriot heart.
There is rime on his whiskers and hair,
And his feet are as cold as a stone;
But no matter; he's bound to be there,
For a meeting by moonlight alone.

O! divine is the spirit that routs
Up a hero betimes from his bed;
And sublime the devotion that flouts
Such a risk of a cold in the head.
Sure, freedom must spring as the crop
Where the seeds of such valour are sown;
And no perils are likely to stop
One who meets you by moonlight alone.

It is true that your numbers are scant;
And it happens too often, I fear,
That I'm rather too sleepy to rant,
And that you are too drowsy to hear.
But, although you don't know what I say,
You can cheer and give B-l-f-r a groan
In the dark just as well as by day,
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

Awake, then, ere daylight is here,
And the foes of our nation surprise,
Who are wont at the Irish to sneer
As a people unable to "rise."
We shall hear such derision no more,
They'll perhaps take a different tone
If you're ready to get up at four
And to meet me by moonlight alone.

REVIEWS.

LES HOMMES DE CHEVAL.*

THE first remark we wish to make about this book is that it is beautifully got up; the paper is excellent, the type is large and clear, and it is profusely, brilliantly, and amusingly illustrated. It is just the sort of thing to put into a friend's hands if one has to keep him waiting, and it is equally suited to a drawing-room and a smoking-room. Yet, with all its virtues, it is a difficult book for an Englishman to review fairly, as the style of horsemanship extolled by the author is not popular in this country. We may be wrong in our ideas on the subject, and the happy day may at length arrive when an Englishman will consider it a compliment to be told that he rides like a Frenchman; but it is not as yet. On the other hand, Baron de Vaux, while he thinks it all very well to recognize their qualities, is "bien loin d'accorder aux Anglais une supériorité qu'ils n'ont pas." He may be right; we may be wrong. In any case, we gladly record the fact that he has produced a very readable book.

M. de Vaux divides all horsemen worthy of the name into two classes—the followers of M. Baucher and the followers of Le Comte d'Aure. These illustrious founders of the rival schools of French horsemanship he calls "Les deux grands morts." Those who belong to the school of Baucher he calls Baucheristes; Auristes is rather an awkward word, but he uses it at least once.

* *Les Hommes de Cheval, Ecuyers et Cavaliers, au dix-neuvième siècle.* Par Baron de Vaux. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1888.

Having divided the world—that is to say, the horsey world—into Baucherists and Aurists, he goes on to say that “C’est très curieux, mais chaque fois que je rencontre un homme de cheval de quelque valeur, je suis sûr que j’ai devant moi un baucheriste.” Was Fred Archer a Baucherist? Surely, he was a horseman of some value! The question of the rival merits of the Comte d’Aure and M. Baucher recurs again and again, from one end of the book to the other. To an English reader this is a little wearisome, nor is he fitted to express a definite opinion on the subject, for neither of these great masters of equitation rode in a style that recommended itself to British tastes, although no one could have denied that both were fine horsemen in their own way. It would be irrelevant, in reviewing the Baron de Vaux’s beautiful book, to point out the advantages of the English style of riding, difficult as it may be to resist the temptation. It is undoubtedly a fault in Englishmen to imagine that they can learn nothing about horses or horsemanship from foreigners, and while we cannot agree with Baron de Vaux in his excessive admiration of the style of Baucher, we candidly admit that there is a great deal of what may be described as “untidy riding” in the Rotten Row, and that many of the riders might be none the worse for a little Baucherism. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the ordinary Englishman’s pride at never having had a lesson from a riding-master is carried a little too far. It seems that there are not only Baucherists, but Baucherized horses. We infer from what the Baron de Vaux tells us that even a certain celebrated French horseman sneers at the latter, avowing, moreover, “que les chevaux baucherisés sont incapables de franchir le moindre obstacle.” After all, it seems that one of the greatest living exponents of Baucherism is an Englishman—Mr. Mackenzie-Grievies. “Je suis certain,” says Baron de Vaux, “que, s’il n’était Mackenzie, il voudrait être Baucher,” and Baron d’Étreillis, in his book on horsemanship, speaks of him as “l’homme de cheval le plus remarquable de notre époque.” Baron de Vaux, again, says, “Je l’ai vu faire exécuter à Billy, un cheval rouan, qui lui fut acheté par la duchesse de Fitz-James, une de nos *horsemwomen* les plus célèbres, des figures de manège d’une et de deux pistes, en changeant de pied à chaque foulée de galop et où son immobilité était tellement grande qu’il se faisait presque oublier.” Surely this is something to make every John Bull glow with pride! Yet it is possible even for a French horseman to exist and to be esteemed without being a Baucherist. Le Duc d’Aumale, “qui occupe une des premières places dans le monde équestre,” is not a “partisan de la méthode Baucher.” Indeed, it is even hinted that, in his heart of hearts, he looks upon that hero of heroes as a “saltimbanque.” Nevertheless, “par respect pour le talent de ce maître des maîtres, le duc d’Aumale, lorsqu’on l’interroge sur cette méthode, vous répond qu’il ne se trouve pas assez compétent pour en juger.” It is awe-inspiring to read of the Duke’s hunting “dans le Worcestershire,” “une contrée difficile, hérissée d’obstacles sérieux,” in which “pour rester aux chiens” il fallait de rudes sauteurs.” “Il y chassait, avec les princes ses frères et ses neveux, tous les deux ou trois jours, tantôt le lièvre, tantôt le renard.”

Les Hommes de Cheval is, to all intents and purposes, a portrait gallery of horsemen. We have not time to take our readers through it, nor would many of the celebrities therein portrayed be known to the average Englishman. “Ce serait difficile,” says the author, “du reste de handicaper des hommes de cheval comme ceux dont je vais parler.” But he does his best, and his little biographies are bright, clear, concise, and entertaining. All kinds of riders are described, from a perfect Baucherist who used fearlessly to entrust himself to a “cheval entier de Tarbes, méchant et mordant, n’était monté que muselé,” to a horseman who “laissait flotter les rênes” in a manner that might well make Baucher rise from his grave. One of the characters depicted is a perfect sportsman. Here is the definition of a perfect sportsman:—“Un écuyer remarquable, il n’est pas moins brillant cocher. Il a fait des armes avec distinction. C’est en un mot un parfait sportsman.” There is another who is “dans le monde un des sportsmen et des gentlemen les plus accomplis.” The account of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia is quite alarming:—“Sa magnifique prestance, son allure dégagée et son grand air décèlent tout de suite un de ces hommes de race, devant lesquels on ne demande pas mieux que de s’incliner.” In many of these personal descriptions there is a considerable quantity of what Englishmen are wont to call “butter,” and about the most serious fault that is found with any of the characters is that they are not Baucherists. We are told that a certain French horseman of exceeding brilliancy was ordered, during the last years of the Empire, to study riding in all the schools of Europe. Accordingly he visited successively Wurtemberg, Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Russia—but not England! We do not complain; we merely note the fact. One of the greatest virtues, again, of another famous rider is the following:—“L’équitation anglaise, quoique ayant sa raison d’être, ses principes et ses règles parfaitement définies, n’a jamais séduit le marquis de Talleyrand.” In the section comprising *Les Steeplechasers*, we should like to have found a few more subjects; but, on the whole, the selection of names in each division is a good one. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the Introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel Guérin, every word of which is worth reading. He is in favour of carrying the system of riding-schools to an extreme point; but many of his suggestions are admirable. If he could have his way, France would indeed become a nation of horsemen.

It is time now that we looked at the pictures. Of portraits and illustrations of one kind or another there are no less than

one hundred and sixty, by more than forty artists, from the Princess Terka Jablonowska downwards, and exceedingly clever many of them are. Before looking at any of the others, everybody will, of course, feast his eyes upon the portraits of the Comte d’Aure and M. Baucher. Our eye dwells with greater pleasure on the portrait of a nobleman who, we are told, fails to see the merits of Baucherism; if, however, we had been dressing him for his sitting, we should not have put him into a frock-coat and butcher-boots, as we own to an insular prejudice against that combination. There is a picture of another man, who looks a capital fellow—an *sportsman et gentleman*, in fact—in full hunting costume, topped by a white hat with a black band round it. We do not wear white hats with black bands round them out hunting in England, but that is no reason why people should not do so in France, and the sportsman in question looks very happy as he gallops among the branches of a fallen tree after a pug-faced hound. There is another edifying hunting picture, which represents a number of red-coated men, with great horns, mobbing a stag to death in a cover. This, of course, is quite right, according to French ideas; and, if it is worth mobbing at all, it is worth mobbing well, as these gentlemen are evidently doing. A lady in a scarlet body, a white skirt, and a white hat, riding a grey horse, adds lustre to the scene. A small sketch of a battery of Horse Artillery coming at a gallop towards the spectator, although rather indistinct, is, in our opinion, one of the most spirited illustrations in the book. Let not the reader fail to notice the red and yellow horse, jumping a low rail, on the illustrated title-page. His fireworklike tail is a thing, once seen, not to be forgotten. Several of the smaller illustrations represent a French manner of horse-breaking which is repugnant to our notions. The horse is placed between two strong upright posts, which are sometimes padded. From the upper parts of these posts hang a pair of pillar-reins, which are fastened to the horse’s bridle on either side, so that he is obliged to hold his head high. The horse-breaker then approaches him on the near side, with a straight cutting-whip in his left hand and a long driving-whip in his right. With the long whip he drives him up to his bridle so as to make him arch his neck and gather his haunches under him, while with the short whip he teases his fore-legs, until he raises them as high as French taste requires—a considerable elevation. Sometimes the horse-breaker mounts the horse when he is on the pillar-rein, and pursues the same teasing tactics. Very possibly the horse may begin to kick; but he soon becomes tired of that, and then there is nothing left for him to do, but to squat with his quarters, arch his neck, and begin the eternal dancing up and down with his fore-legs. One of the most engaging pictures in the book, to our mind, is that of an officer in uniform, without a sword, but with a hunting-crop, making a *promenade à cheval* on a high-stepping grey pony, a short pipe in his mouth and his lap-dog by his side. We think that most of our fellow-countrymen will agree with us in considering the horses represented in the portraits, as a rule, a coarse, underbred lot. The shoulders of many of them are deplorable, and the loins and quarters of others are even worse. The pasterns, again, of not a few are absolutely shocking. But let the merits and demerits of English and French horses and horsemanship be what they may, there can be no doubt that the two styles exist, and a good treatise on either deserves its due share of praise. One thing, we believe, we may safely say, which is, that the majority of Englishmen who read *Les Hommes de Cheval* will learn many things about French horsemen and horsemanship that they did not know before; and we may add that they will have these things brought to their knowledge in a pleasant way. It is interesting to observe that, while certain Englishmen would like to see our Royal Commissioners recommending the British Government to establish an Imperial *haras* in this country, a well-known French horseman opposes the system in France, on the ground that it has not been adopted in England, the country which produces the best horses in the world. Altogether *Les Hommes de Cheval* is a remarkable book, and one that can hardly fail to be popular both in France and in England.

NOVELS.*

THE thanks of all lovers of a good novel are due to Mrs. Hegan Kennard for introducing to them Herr Maurus Jokai, an author who has been too long practically unknown to us. If, among the many works which have given to this Hungarian writer his high reputation in his own country, there are others as picturesque and powerful as *Timar’s Two Worlds*, let Mrs. Hegan Kennard lose no time in placing them in the hands of English readers; for it

* *Timar’s Two Worlds*. By Maurus Jokai. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Hegan Kennard. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Loyalty George. By Mrs. Parr. Author of “Adam and Eve” &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

They Twain. By Mary H. Pickersgill-Cunliffe. London: The London Literary Society.

The New Judgment of Paris. By Philip Lafargue. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Philip Alwynne. By J. Knox Sherrard. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

In Love and Honour: a Story of Scotch Country Life. By I. K. Ritchie. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

Bernard and Marcia: a Story of Middle Age. By Elizabeth Glaister. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

is long since we have met with a story so vigorous in its action, so full of human sympathy, of strength and pathos, as this romance of Central Europe. On an ownerless island in the Danube, formed by the force of the stream and increased by alluvial deposits, which is to be traced on no map and belongs to no country, the widowed Therese and her daughter Noémi have found refuge from a ruined home and grasping creditors. Their life is one of primeval simplicity; their fruits, herbs, honey, and flocks they barter with the few who land on their shores. To this retreat Timar, the captain of a vessel laden with grain which has narrowly escaped the dangers of the Iron Gate and the pursuit of a Turkish gunboat, brings his two passengers, Ali Tschorbadschi the owner of the cargo, and his daughter Timéa. Here too comes Theodor Kristyan, who holds in his hand the fortunes both of the widow and of Tschorbadschi; for he is a spy of the Turkish Government, who at a word from him will claim the ownerless isle as the territory of the Sultan, and will demand the extradition of the fugitives on the charge of robbing the treasury. Sooner than fall into his enemies' hands the wretched Ali commits suicide; the cargo, his property, sunk in the river by the wreck of the ship, is sold to Timar as damaged grain, and proves to contain immense treasure in jewels and specie. Timar employs his wealth boldly, skilfully, successfully; all he touches turns to gold; he is beloved by the poor for his munificent charities, ennobled by the Government; but his conscience will not let him rest. Pity for her forlorn condition (a dependent among strangers, who treat her vilely) and a desire to repair the wrong he has done her prompt him to marry Timéa; but no happiness attends their union. Timéa accepts his hand from gratitude, not from love; for her heart is given to another, and Timar finds too late that he is wedded to "a marble statue." Maddened by his loveless home, he flies to the ownerless island and to Noémi; and thenceforth Timar has two worlds—"his spirit lived in two places, was torn in two parts; there his money, his honour, his position in the world; here his love held him fast."

And so, while to Timéa his wife, to Noémi the mother of his child, and to all the world he is the great patriot, the true Christian, the exemplary husband, the father of the poor, guardian of the orphan, supporter of schools, a pillar of the Church, what is he to himself?

Timar had succeeded in robbing every one. From Timéa he stole first her father's million, then the manly ideal of her heart, and kept for himself her wifely troth. From Noémi he stole her loving heart, her womanly tenderness, her whole being. Therese he robbed of her trust, the last belief of her misanthropic mind in the possible goodness of a man. . . . The respect shown to him by the world, the tears of the poor, the thanks of the orphan, the decorations bestowed by his King, were they not all thefts? . . . And everything succeeded with him. How long would he go unpunished? He could deceive every one but himself. He was always sad, even when he outwardly smiled. He knew what he ought to be called, and would gladly have shown himself in his true character. But that was impossible. The boundless, universal respect—the rapturous love—if only one of these were due to his true self! Honour, humanity, self-sacrifice were the original principles of his character, the atmosphere of his being. Unheard-of temptations had drawn him in the opposite direction; and now he was a man whom every one loved, honoured, and respected, and who was only hated and despised by himself.

Such, in the author's words, is the powerfully drawn character around whom centres the interest of this remarkable story. It would be unfair to mar the pleasure of those who will read it by revealing its conclusion. The perilous adventures of the ship in the passage of the Iron Gate, the Arcadian simplicity of the peaceful life on the ownerless island, the touching and beautiful episode of the baby "Dodi," are among the pleasant memories with which we regretfully close this delightful book, in the hope that we may soon meet again both with author and translator.

Mrs. Parr has done well to lay the scene of *Loyalty George* in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, for she evidently knows the local country thoroughly; her descriptions of its scenery are excellently done, and her reproduction of its dialect in the mouths of her characters is accurate and humorous, without becoming tedious. Besides she has a good story to tell, and she tells it well. We may take exception to the unnecessarily mournful nature of the conclusion of this book, and to the conventionality both of the details of the catastrophe and of the events which lead up to it; but, that said, the task of fault-finding is over; and, on the other hand, there is much in Mrs. Parr's work which demands the warmest praise. The characters are firmly and distinctly drawn, the action fairly lively, and the interest well sustained. *Loyalty* herself (with her natural nobility of heart—which she owes to the strain of gentle blood in her veins—fighting against and eventually, under the refining influence of her love, triumphing over the roughness of her surroundings and the squalor of her home) is a very charming heroine, and her sailor lover is a particularly life-like creation in whom good and bad are admirably and most naturally blended. Of the minor characters, Dunchy the deaf boatman, *Loyalty's* steadfast ally, is perhaps the best drawn, and certainly is the most amusing, but we have also pleasant recollections of Mrs. Coode the worshipper of respectability, of the miserly old Rowe and his daughter, of those terrible old women "Aunt Tabby" and "Aunt Tishy," and others who people the pages of Mrs. Parr's pleasant tale.

They Twain is a story of country life, in which the duties of a wife and mother are expounded in a quiet, inoffensive, if unnecessarily didactic, style. Whatever may be the faults of the bride whose fortunes it narrates, she is at any rate not unduly inquisitive; for instead of asking her husband either before

marriage or during the honeymoon any questions as to his house, establishment, or manner of life, she has, we are told, "indulged in various imaginary accounts of her new home and surroundings, till, by constant repetition, she had come to believe them." By thus evolving her husband's circumstances out of her own inner consciousness, instead of making a few not unnatural inquiries, she subjects herself on reaching home to a good deal of disappointment. There is "no pretty pony-carriage driven by a liveried servant" at the station, no "handsome brass bedstead" or "Queen Anne tables" in her bedroom. Then her husband shocks her susceptibilities by getting up very early, dining in the middle of the day, selling his mutton to his neighbours, and wearing "an old suit of dittos, concluded by brown leather gaiters and big hob-nailed boots." As he is a farmer, it is not easy to see what else his wife could have expected. She is however deeply distressed at these evidences of barbarism, and endeavours (though with no success) to introduce beneath her roof the manners and customs of what she is pleased to call "gentlefolks." Moreover she makes undesirable friendships, neglects her housekeeping, and later on her baby. In the end of course this is all changed. Her husband and his godmother, an elderly lady of exemplary but somewhat self-complacent piety, are ever at hand to advise and to reprove, and we part from the ignorant bride a pattern and model of all that wife and mother should be. The story is little more than a means of conveying the author's views on the great question "how to be happy though married," but it is pleasantly told, its characters are clearly and consistently drawn, and it should not lack readers among those who do not object to a work of fiction combining instruction and amusement in the proportion of nine parts of the former to one of the latter.

It is to be hoped that the characters Mr. Paul Lafargue depicts in *The New Judgment of Paris* are drawn from imagination, not from experience. His hero is an irritating prig, an artist with "clear, amber-coloured eyes" and "a well-pruned moustache." His pictures are of course works of transcendent genius; but he will neither exhibit nor sell them. He objects to exhibiting on sentimental grounds; "for one reason," he says, "I am too lazy; for another, I dread the critics, especially the modern numskull. But my ground-motive, as the Germans say, is that I loathe anything that smacks of advertising." His objection to selling his pictures is more practical, and consists of a deference to the prejudices of an aunt on whom he is dependent, and who (considering that she is the Mother Superior of a sisterhood of nuns) holds singular views regarding the dignity of labour. "I would sooner," she says, "Ambrose never painted again than see him haggling with people like a shopman. I say nothing of the dignity of the artist. Ambrose will tell you about that. All I am anxious to preserve is the dignity of the gentleman." Nor is Mr. Lafargue any happier in his choice of a heroine—a selfish, worldly young woman who engages herself to our friend the painter solely because she regards him as a good investment socially and financially, and who jilts him without hesitation or remorse when his aunt cuts off the supplies—in doing which, by the way, the Mother Superior deliberately breaks a promise most solemnly given to her father on his death-bed. Mr. Lafargue's style matches his matter. A telegram is transformed by this master of the dictionary into "one of those orange-coloured missives which are as mosquito-trumpetings to dreamy life"; and when one of his characters unexpectedly receives good news, we read that "there was a bar of silence, and then the baton waved, and his whole nerve-orchestra broke forth into a jubilant Tutti." For such as consider this sort of stuff fine writing there is plenty to be found in *The New Judgment of Paris*.

Philip Alwyne says and does many foolish things in the course of the tale which bears his name, but on one occasion at least he is inspired with words of wisdom; when he advises his cousin Christine, who has written a novel which no one will publish, to write "another book, an everyday sort of book, that people would understand and buy. . . . A book about ordinary men and women." It is much to be regretted that Miss Knox Sherrard has contented herself with laying down these excellent dogmas of authorship; had she practised what she preached—or what her hero preached for her, which comes to much the same—these volumes would never have been written. Is it possible that any one can believe the characters in *Philip Alwyne* to be "ordinary men and women"? Philip himself is one of those immaculate persons, bearing a strong family resemblance to the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, of whom lady-novelists are so fond. When we first meet him he is a small boy, not yet at school, examining the picture of one of his ancestors.

"I wonder," said Phil, "why he has got a different motto from all the others. They have the same as we have got written up over the fireplace; but not one other has got *Semper fidelis*. I think *Semper fidelis* is much nicer than our own motto; I am sure 'Always faithful' is better than 'Willing, but unable.' I don't see if any one is willing how they can be unable. When I grow up I shall have *Voto non valeo* taken down, and *Semper fidelis* put up in its place. I am sure Sir Geoffrey will be pleased; I do wonder why he has got a different motto from all the others."

And having, with the assistance of a catalogue, cleared up this point—

"I knew it, I knew it," said Phil triumphantly; "I knew you were upright and honourable, Sir Jeff, or I shouldn't have loved you as I did. I am sure you were *Semper fidelis*, though you did die so young. I hope, dear Sir Jeff, when I grow up, I may be just like you; my motto shall be *Semper fidelis*."

Are these the natural thoughts and words of a boy not yet in

his teens? Do lads of that age weigh critically the comparative merits of Latin mottoes, or kneel before a family portrait, vowing to shape their future lives according to their ideal of its original? Not they—they would make a target of the picture; and would as soon think of proposing a visit to the dentist as of discussing Latin out of school hours. Then Philip goes to Eton, and there makes a friendship with a boy, who seems nearly as great a prig as himself. By this time our precocious hero is in love:—

George Fergusson [we are told] was the only boy Philip ever made a confidant of, and to him alone he confided his love for Muriel. Many a half-hour the boys would spend together, talking about the little girl, Philip relating, George listening; and, though the latter would often laugh and call him a moonney, he, as he declared afterwards, had quite learnt to love Philip's friend by hearsay.

Poor Eton! Lovers' confidences! "Moonney!" In this author's hands "Thou art translated" with a vengeance. It is unnecessary for us to follow in detail the fortunes of Philip Alwyne and Muriel Arlington. How they are engaged while still in their 'teens; how the lady changes her mind, but allows her lover to go with his regiment to India in blissful ignorance of her altered sentiments; how she falls in love with Phil's old school friend, Fergusson, and what comes of it all, is crudely and tediously set forth in Miss Knox Sherrard's pages. "A book about ordinary men and women" *Philip Alwyne* certainly is not; a book "that people would understand and buy"? Well, yes, perhaps. Who can tell?

Surely never was anything simpler and slighter than Miss I. K. Ritchie's *In Love and Honour: a Story of Scotch Country Life*. Two young cousins, brought up together from childhood—boy and girl lovers, it is true, but with nothing precocious or unhealthy in their sentiments—Alec and Jeanie Crerar are a sufficiently interesting couple to enlist the sympathies of any reader who does not consider a story the worse for being quiet and gentle in its tone, and almost entirely devoid of action. The lovers are parted, for the girl goes to Glasgow, where her mother has taken a lodging-house; and the lad is jealous of one of the lodgers, on very insufficient grounds; the mother promotes misunderstandings, intercepts letters, and otherwise endeavours, ineffectually of course, to interfere with the course of true love. Such a plot is as simple and as old as that of a fairy story; but the author possesses a homely, unpretentious style admirably suited to her subject, her characters think and talk naturally and to the purpose, her command of the Scotch dialect is excellent, and her work in a word if unexciting, is at any rate always inoffensive.

The only fault we feel disposed to find with *Bernard and Marcia* is that the action of the story is an unconscionable time in beginning. Introduced at the outset to several families, each consisting of many members, the reader becomes bewildered among the numerous characters, and failing to grasp the various relationships of uncles, aunts, and cousins, feels like a playgoer without a playbill, or a visitor to a picture-gallery without a catalogue. But when Miss Glaister once gets her story well set in motion, the action becomes clear and intelligible; the characters are interesting and sharply defined, and we follow them to the end with none the less interest because we see pretty clearly some way ahead what that end will be. Bernard is one of those unhappy favourites of misfortune who, with the best of intentions, can do nothing right. With Marcia, the niece and adopted child of his father's second wife, he might make the best of marriages, but the attraction of a pretty face makes him wed a girl of shady parentage, whose innate vulgarity and hereditary fondness for drink blight his life. Eventually, as the reader can easily anticipate, this objectionable personage conveniently dies, and the happiness of hero and heroine is assured in their middle age. Miss Glaister possesses the power, unfortunately not too common, of drawing ladies and gentlemen naturally and without exaggeration; the unpleasant characters of the dipsomaniac wife and her family are lifelike without being repulsive, and welcome touches of humour are forthcoming to relieve the darkest passages of this clever and promising story.

THE GREAT SEALS OF ENGLAND.*

MR. ALLAN WYON relates, in his preface, how, upon a day in July 1877, he and his late brother received a visit from a distinguished American lawyer, the Hon. Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of New Jersey—a State which our readers may remember was founded about two hundred years ago as a British colony. It appeared that litigation had sprung up between the State of New Jersey and the adjoining State of Delaware respecting certain riparian rights, and each produced in support of their respective claims a charter of Charles II., in which, by some singular oversight, identical but exclusive privileges were secured. It only remained to show which charter bore the earlier date; but, unfortunately, in the one case the date in the attestation clause had become obliterated, and only an expert could decide by an examination of the seals which charter was first executed. Whatever the decision, the incident in itself sufficiently proved the advantage of a knowledge of these Seals; but, even where it might not lead to such practical result, a familiarity with their character, their design, and distinctive features, with the circum-

stances attending their creation, their periods of use, and their formal defacement, is knowledge to be desired by every student of history. For the production of this work on the Great Seals Mr. Wyon possesses peculiar qualifications—the son of one of the chief engravers of Her Majesty's seals and the grandson of another, himself now holding the appointment in succession to his late elder brother, inheriting not only the casts and careful drawings, but the valuable memoranda, of his immediate predecessors, having access, as he gratefully acknowledges in his preface, to every muniment-room and deed-chest where a Great Seal is likely to be preserved, he would seem to be of all persons the fittest to undertake this descriptive and historical catalogue. The result is a handsome, finely illustrated, and exceedingly interesting volume in royal-quarto form, the letterpress as complete and explicit as we could desire, with full-sized autotype representations of every seal and counterseal, taken from casts by Mr. Robert Ready, so well known to numismatists for his exquisite reproductions in metal of early coins.

The earliest example of English royal seals which has yet been discovered is preserved in the Archives Nationales at Paris. It is attached to the deed of confirmation of a grant of lands in Sussex to the Abbey of St. Denys, and is dated at Tamworth in the thirty-third year of Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 790. It cannot be supposed that this is the first instance of the use of a royal seal for important documents; its occurrence, together with that of the original leaden *bull* of the seal of Coenwulf, King of Mercia, *circa* 800-810, now in the British Museum, and the seal of Eadgar, King of England, 959-975, preserved at Paris, are evidence sufficient that the seal was used in the times of the Anglo-Saxon kings; though, with these exceptions, no other evidences are forthcoming. It is not until the reign of Eadward the Confessor—1043-1066—that the long unbroken series of the great seals commences, ranging from the date A.D. 1053, upon a charter preserved in the British Museum, to the year 1878, when the great seal now in use was laid before Her Majesty and formally approved.

A very interesting question arises in our examination of these seals; and that is, to what extent we may regard the effigies of the king upon the face of the seal as a portrait. It is well known that distinct portraiture was not attempted upon the English coinage until the reign of Henry VII. In the year 1504 the portrait of the King, in profile, was stamped upon all the larger silver pieces issued from the Mint, instead of the conventional bust, facing, which previously appeared, or the equally conventional profiles upon coins of Stephen; but there is good reason to believe that, from the very first, the likeness of the sovereign was, with more or less accuracy, introduced upon the great seal. Thus, the face of the King, a profile to the left, upon the seal of Offa, has the unmistakable character of a portrait. As Mr. Wyon writes:—

Although the execution is rude, the features are of a noble if of a somewhat pensive and melancholy cast, not unworthy of the sovereign who did so much to consolidate the Heptarchy into a Monarchy; and who was widely respected on the Continent as the friend of Charlemagne and Alcuin. As the late Sir Frederick Madden remarked, the expression of the features might fairly bear out the description of his anonymous biographer—*elegans corpore, eloquens sermone, acie perspicax oculorum*.

It is clearly Mr. Wyon's opinion, as it is our own, that the face of the King upon the seal of Eadward the Confessor is also intended for a portrait; the large nose, the pointed beard, and the long moustache are too distinctive to be "conventional," especially when we find that upon the Bayeux Tapestry Eadward, in marked contrast with almost every other figure, both English and Norman, is represented with hair both on chin and upper lip. Ruding describes and pictures thirty-eight coins of this King; the face is bearded in seventeen; one—No. 25 of Ruding—seen full face has moustache and, as upon the great seal, "a picked beard." As above remarked, until the time of Henry VII., the bust of the sovereign upon the coins was treated conventionally; and in very few instances, except in those we have mentioned, is there any indication of a beard. We may add that the biographer of Eadward, quoted by William of Malmsbury, and referred to by Freeman, describes the Confessor as *capillis et barba canitie insignis lactea*. It is characteristic of Eadward that he should have caused himself to be represented on both sides of his seal, enthroned, in the same peaceful guise. After his time, with certain noticeable exceptions, the sovereign appears upon one side of the seal enthroned, and upon the other is seen on horseback, generally armed as chief of the military or naval forces of the kingdom; the only departures from this design appear on the second seal of Queen Anne, which bears on the counterseal the figure of Britannia; and the two absurd great seals engraved during the Commonwealth, which, with extraordinary minuteness of detail, represent on the one side the House of Commons in session, and on the other a map of England, Wales, and Ireland. Differences, to which we will refer, are seen on the seals of the Protector Cromwell; but his mounted figure on the counterseal is intended as a portrait, and it is evidence of the care and accuracy with which each successive engraver endeavoured to execute his task, that on the seals of the Conqueror, although the impressions are partially obliterated, the figure still presents that peculiarity of form which, as historians gravely inform us, while William was at war for the recovery of the Vezin, gave occasion for an unseemly jest on the part of Philip of France. Angered by the insult, the English King devastated the country, and captured the stronghold of Mantes, where his horse, treading among burning

* *The Great Seals of England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*. Commenced and the greater part written by the late Alfred Benjamin Wyon. Completed and carried through the press by Allan Wyon. London: Elliot Stock.

embers, plunged and threw him with fatal force against the pommel of his saddle; the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester confirms the painful nature of his death and the locality of the injury, but does not mention the proximate cause. We might here remark that on the second seal of William the legend commences on the side on which is the mounted figure, which, therefore, is the *obverse*, while the sovereign enthroned is on the *reverse*; it would, therefore, be more convenient always to employ the terms *seal* and *counterseal*, instead of terms properly applicable to the coinage.

Appended to a charter of 1141 is the very rare impression of the seal of the Empress Matilda, daughter and heir of Henry I. It is of German type without counterseal. Mr. Wyon suggests that during her brief reign "she had probably no leisure to direct the preparation of a seal befitting the Queen of England." But here Mr. Wyon is in error; though elected "Lady of England" at Winchester, Matilda was never crowned, or able to make good her title to the throne. An interesting seal, but without counterseal, is that of Henry, eldest son of Henry II., who during his father's lifetime and in furtherance of his policy was crowned king at Westminster, July 1170; the ceremony was performed by Roger, Archbishop of York, an intrusion upon his rights bitterly resented by Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. The coronation was repeated three years afterwards at Winchester, when his Queen, the Princess of France, was also crowned. The legend upon his seal reads *HENRICUS REX ANGLOR ET DUX NORMANNOR ET COMES ANDEGAVOR*. We may notice the omission of the words *DEI GRATIA*, words which appear upon every other great seal from that of William II. to Victoria, the idea being preserved even upon the seals of the Commonwealth. The title *DOMINUS HIBERNIE* is first seen upon the great seal of John, and is repeated in the legend until the third great seal of Henry VIII., used 1542-1547, who changed the title to *HIBERNIE REX*. The second seal of Henry III., in use 1259-1272, is peculiar, in that the mounted figure is without the crown, the engraver, no doubt, acting under the direction of the Committee of twenty-four barons, appointed by the so-called "Mad Parliament," "to reform the Government of the Kingdom." No fewer than eight seals were executed in the reign of Edward III. The third seal, known as "the 1st Seal of Absence," was committed to the keeping of Edward, Duke of Cornwall and Chester, while the King was abroad prosecuting his claim to the throne of France; on his return, 1340, a new great seal, "the 3rd Seal of Presence," was engraved, on which for the first time the words *REX FRANCIE* were added to the legend, to remain part of the Royal superscription until 1801, the fourth seal of George III. An additional interest attaches itself to this third "Seal of Presence" since in it the architectural canopy above the throne was first introduced. We may here remark that although, as we have said above, the silver coinage of England was, until the time of Henry VII., treated in a conventional manner, the great seals of the period continued to bear striking evidence of progress in the engraver's art. The throne at first, as in the seal of the Confessor, a cushioned but rudely-fashioned framework or bench, becomes by degrees more or less ornamental; in the second seal of Henry III. it has an elaborately designed back—this in the second seal of Edward III. is still further raised, and forms an ogival pointed arch above the head of the King. In the third "Seal of Presence," as we have just observed, the arch becomes a prominent canopy; in the second "Seal of Absence" the throne has lancet-shaped panels with Gothic tracery, and on either side an arched panel or niche, in which appear, dependent, the arms of France and England, quarterly; while what Mr. Wyon describes as "the culminating point of excellence" is attained in the fifth "Seal of Presence," known as "the Brétigny Seal," used 1360-1369. The type of this beautiful seal was preserved, with the necessary alterations, for a century after its first appearance, the first seal of Henry IV., 1399, being almost identical; the second seal of Henry IV. shows still further development, both in point of artistic design and in execution.

As the Brétigny Seal [says Mr. Wyon] may be considered to reflect the late decorated style of architecture, so this 2nd Seal of Henry IV. may be considered to reflect in its general framework the perpendicular style, which had been introduced by William of Wykeham in the reign of Edward III., while in the vigour and variety of its details it is worthy of the best periods of Gothic art. There are no fewer than twenty-one figures and animals introduced into its principal face, without counting those on the shields and banners. Yet these are all so harmoniously balanced and arranged that there is no sense of crowding or confusion. In the counterseal the delicate scroll pattern of the field, added to the decorated cusps which have been adapted after the Brétigny Seal, has a peculiarly happy effect.

The second seal of Edward IV., in use 1461-1470, is again a modification of the Brétigny Seal. Rymer tells us that it was made of gold; the field on the counterseal, hitherto clear, is now diapered with a pattern of quatrefoils enclosing roses, the intervening spaces being filled with "the sun in his splendour." This badge was adopted, we are told, to commemorate the victory at Mortimer's Cross, where, according to Hollingshead,

he met with his enemies in a faire plaine neere to Mortimer's Crosse not far from Hereford East on Candlemasse daie in the morning. At which time the sunne (as some write) appeared to the earle of Marche like three sunnes and suddenlie joined altogether in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage that he, fiercelie setting on his enemies put them to flight; and for this cause men imagined that he gave the sunne in his full brightness for his badge or cognizance.

The incident is dramatized in Third Part *Henry VI.*, Act. ii. sc. i.:-

Edward. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward I will bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Upon the second seal of Henry VIII., described by Mr. Wyon as "the last Gothic seal" (in use 1532-1542), the words *FIDELI DEFENSOR*, a title conferred 1521 by Leo X., are added to the legend, and have since remained part of the title of our English sovereigns. Another change in the legend was the introduction of the numeral after the royal name; until this date there had not been anything upon the great seal to show under which William, Edward, or Henry it had been engraved. Still more important variations distinguish the third seal; not only is the transition from the Gothic character complete, and the portrait more realistic, but the legend announces a change which had long been pending in the relationship between Church and State; the King is now, by the Grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, *ET IN TERRA ECCLESIE ANGLICANE ET HIBERNICE SUPREMV CAPVT*. The legend was repeated on the seal of Edward VI.—a seal which, notwithstanding its objectionable ascription, was used for some months by Mary after her accession, when it was superseded by a seal in which this part of the title was omitted, to be once again resumed on the fifth seal of George III. (in use 1815-1821), and then finally to disappear. With the first seal of Elizabeth "the artistic merit of the seals," as Mr. Wyon expresses it, "touches its lowest depths." The Queen, a squat, ungainly figure, is seated beneath a canopy, with pendant curtains drawn to either side, a design somewhat resembling a four-post bed or a modern draped mantelpiece; the mounted figure on the counterseal is equally ungraceful. The seal of James I. (in use 1603-1605) records a new departure; in the seal of Elizabeth had been engraved in the field "the harp ensigned with a crown," now the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland are quartered, signifying the completion of the Union. Two years later this seal was superseded by a second seal, for no cause of State, but for a reason, eminently characteristic, expressed in the royal warrant—"Forasmuch as in our Great Seale lately made for the Realm of England the canope over the picture of our face is so low embossed that thereby the same Seale in that place thereof doth easily bruise and take disgrace"; the warrant is dated 8th day of May, 1603, and addressed "to our trustie and well-beloved Servant Charles Anthony, graver of our mynt and seales." The King's instructions were attended to, and a projection was given to the "canope" above the "picture of our face," which in the impression no longer "takes disgrace." The debates in Parliament as to the use and keeping of the third great seal of Charles I. form part of the tragic history of that unhappy King's reign; by order of the Commons the seal, after much discussion and in the presence of the House, was solemnly defaced and broken. The new seal, the fourth, resembled the last, with the exception of the date, which is altered to 1643. This seal was never "touched" by the King, but was retained "to attend the Parliament," careful arrangements being made for its "ordering and disposing." It, in turn, was defaced and broken, and replaced by the seal of the Commonwealth (in use 1649-1651) above described, with the map of England, Wales, and Ireland, but not Scotland, on the one side, and on the counterseal the view of the House of Commons with the Speaker in the chair, and with the pious inscription *IN THE FIRST YEARE OF FREEDOME BY GOD'S BLESSING RESTORED 1648*. No doubt executed in haste, it was in 1651 superseded by the second seal of the Commonwealth, which, however it may be contended for its design, deserves the highest praise for excellence of engraving. The artist was *Thomas Simon*, or *Symonds*, the famous medallist, who a few years later, February 1654-5, was appointed by Parliament "Sole Chief Engraver." It was he who made the beautiful coins with the effigy of the Protector, and the famous "Petition Crown" for Charles II., with which the "Victoria crown piece" of the late William Wyon will bear favourable comparison. Simon engraved the great seal of the Protector, in use 1655-7, and the seal of Richard. In May 1659 an Order passed the House that "a new great seal should be with all speed prepared"; but there seems to us some doubt whether this Order was actually complied with, or whether the great seal of the Parliament of 1651 was not, as Mr. Wyon contends, again brought into use. If a new seal was engraved, it was without any alteration in the design; and when the "Long Parliament" was dissolved and the new Parliament, six days after their assembling, May 1, 1660, received letters from Charles II. announcing a free and general pardon to all who should within forty days return to their allegiance, and declaring his readiness to pass a proclamation to that effect under the great seal, there arose no little perplexity as to the fitness of appending to such proclamation a seal which bore upon its face a devout expression of thankfulness that the kingly office had been abolished. The difficulty was apparently solved by delay. On the 28th of May the great seal was solemnly defaced, and on the next day, the 29th, Charles himself appeared bringing with him the great seal which he had caused to be engraved in 1653 during his exile abroad, and which, as Mr. Wyon happily reminds

us, bore in the legend the inscription REX FRANCIE, although Charles at the time owed his safety to the French king's protection. This seal was used on the passing of the "Act of Uniformity" in 1662; when the Prayer-book of the Church of England, forbidden since 1645 under heavy penalties rigidly enforced, was revised and restored to use; a copy of what is known as the "Sealed Prayer-book" being sent to every cathedral chapter throughout the kingdom, to the great though inevitable discomfiture of a large number of benefited ministers who declined to accept the doctrine and rule of the Church in their ministrations. James II. when he left Whitehall as a fugitive on the night of the 10th of December

accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales and carrying the great seal with him, stole out of the palace in disguise and proceeded to the Horseferry at Westminster. Here the two got into a boat and told the waterman to pull them across to Lambeth. On their passage the King silently slipped the seal into the river, thinking, perhaps, as Lord Campbell says, that he had sunk with it for ever the fortunes of the Prince of Orange.

It need hardly be added that the temporary loss of the seal did not imperil the Revolution; a few days afterwards a fisherman drew up the seal in his nets, and it was soon restored to its proper keeping. The seal of William and Mary is noticeable in that it bears no reference to Scotland. The first seal of Anne has on its counterseal the Queen on horseback, on the counterseal of the second seal in use 1707-1715 is the figure of Britannia, the left hand resting on an oval shield with the arms of England and Scotland impaled. Upon both seal and counterseal of George I. appear the arms of Hanover; on the first seal of George III. the throned figure of the sovereign, for the first time in the whole series, is represented in profile. But the seal is chiefly memorable for its misfortunes; it was stolen from the house of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who lived in Great Ormond Street, then a pleasant district in the outskirts of London. Various political motives were suggested for its abstraction, but in all probability it was nothing more than an impudent act of burglary, and the seal, which was never heard of again, was no doubt consigned to the melting pot. The fourth seal of George III., in use 1801-1815, marks, as we have said above, the cessation of the title King of France, which had been the style of English sovereigns since the time of Edward III. One seal only marks the reign of George IV.; as on the first seal of George III. he is represented in profile, surrounded by the usual and appropriate allegorical figures of Wisdom, Justice, and Piety, &c. Of the more recent seals there is much that might be said; they are admirably engraved, the work sharply and clearly defined, but naturally they have not the historical interest of earlier seals.

We might prolong this paper, for the subject is both intensely fascinating and has been exhaustively treated. Mr. Wyon's volume in its present form is a costly one; we will venture to hope that it may be reproduced in some simpler and cheaper form, so as to be more widely accessible.

TWO STATESMEN.*

IT is possible that, had it not been for the inexplicable delay of Mr. John Morley's series of "English Statesmen," which has been announced for years, and of which the first volumes have been but just issued, the recent new provocation to those who are impatient with "little books" would never have been devised. That provocation, we confess, does not act as a red rag to us; for the smaller a book is the less of a nuisance it is, and the more easily it can either be "dissolved into literary humus," or ranked, as some very little books have been, in the ten-foot square book-case which, as the late Mr. Mark Pattison thought, would contain all the books really worth reading. Mr. Sanders's series, moreover, has this differentiation and justification as compared with Mr. Morley's—that its subjects, as now announced, seem all to belong to recent times, and not to possess any very close connexion with each other.

The first volume of the series is, if we may say so without disrespect to the author, a better book than we should have expected; but it is not a satisfactory book altogether. Mr. Kebbel had the advantage of knowing his subject long, if not, it would seem, very intimately; he is thoroughly in sympathy with him, and yet this sympathy does not make him either blind to Mr. Disraeli's defects or preternaturally savage towards his enemies. These are undoubted merits, and the book has others as well. All necessary things in Lord Beaconsfield's not very well known or (politics apart) very eventful life are told; and a sketch, evidently written with knowledge, of the political movements in which he was engaged is given. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Kebbel is a great deal too fond, not merely of speculating, but of pronouncing positively on might-have-beens. He is thus quite sure that, if Lord Derby had persevered in taking office when the Aberdeen Government broke up, all the benefits of the actual pseudo-Conservative reaction under Palmerston would have been obtained, with the advantage of turning them to the profit of a genuine and not a mongrel Conservatism. This particular vaticination is rash, because it overlooks, among other things, the well-known fact that at that time the Conservative party was,

partly by accident and partly by the defection of the Peelites, a party more destitute of officers, an army more justly to be described as consisting of men with muskets, than any party of any period in English history. And, besides, these might-have-beens are always rather futile. When a thing has happened, it is, as a rule, not mere fatalism, but the strictest common sense, to recognize it as the thing which by the general complexion and tendencies of the universe had to happen. Yet even this is not what constitutes, to our mind, the defect of the book, nor are one or two minor shortcomings (such as the shirking or fencing of some common charges against Mr. Disraeli, or as the assumption, against rather good authority, that he had to do with the Young England movement from the beginning, instead of "coming in afterwards") very difficult to pardon. A more definite and a much worse fault is that Mr. Kebbel lays very little stress upon, and does not attempt to explain or exemplify in the very least, that extraordinary knowledge and control of the House of Commons in which, by consent of friends and foes alike, Mr. Disraeli had not more than three or four rivals in all our English history. Yet even this defect is not our chief cause of quarrel. It is that Mr. Kebbel has altogether failed—to us, at least; to others he may seem more successful—in giving a *live* portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. He seems, after some twenty or thirty years' personal acquaintance and a lifelong acquiescence in general political opinion, to have stayed quite outside of his hero's mind. Disraeli is still to him an Asian mystery, though one which he heartily admires. He holds up his life in so many words as a "wondrous tale," and the only explanation he has to offer of some singular blunders and failures (such as the ever lamentable, and by Mr. Kebbel justly lamented, Public Worship Regulation Act) is contained in the following passage:—

The fact is that Lord Beaconsfield in his library, giving the rein to his imagination, and tracing all kinds of analogies between the past and present state of politics, and Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons, dealing with actual circumstances and educating his party upon questions calling for immediate settlement, were two distinct men, leading two lives almost as different from each other as were the two lives led, according to Lockhart, by Sir Walter Scott. In the one he was a Wyndham, a Shippen, or a Bromley fighting for the Church, the landed interest, and the poor, against the Whigs, the Dissenters, the moneyed interest, and the mob, deploring the degradation of the Crown and the predominance of a crafty oligarchy. In the other he was the keen and ready-witted leader of the modern Tory Party, including in its ranks the greater part of that very oligarchy, which history taught him to be the natural enemy of Toryism, engaged in the defence of principles never called in question by our ancestors, and responding to watchwords which, to them, would have been wholly unintelligible.

Now this, we take leave to say, is an explanation which does not explain. The "two Scotts" of Lockhart's words were really two, and seemingly incompatible; but there is no reason why the two Lord Beaconsfields of Mr. Kebbel should have tripped each other up at all. Every man of the world has ideals to which he has "to add and to eke," or of which he is forced to surrender and compromise something when he puts them into practice. The question is why Lord Beaconsfield, in some respects a perfect master of adjustment, failed, as he sometimes did, to adjust his ideas and his practice. Nor is, at least, an approach to an answer very difficult, inasmuch as it may be easily found in the facts of his birth, followed by his education, and of his education followed by the history of his actual Parliamentary career. It is not our business to follow the clue out here; but it was Mr. Kebbel's business to find and follow it, and we do not see that he has done so. The secret of a thoroughly lifelike exposition of Lord Beaconsfield's career is to be found in a slight alteration of a famous antithesis of the last century. Nothing but his birth, his education, and his half-accidental, half-wilful estrangement from the majority of the pursuits, amusements, and even beliefs of Englishmen could so long have kept back such transcendent political talents; and nothing but such talents could have got the better at last of the disadvantages enumerated. Failing to follow out this easy clue, Mr. Kebbel has fallen short of what he might have done; but his book contains useful information, well arranged, and a defence or apology which, though a little too persistent for the rules of art, is moderate, honest, and intelligent.

The editor of the series had a much easier task; but it cannot be denied that he has done it better. As a plain, popular, but very fairly spirited, account of the subject we have hardly a fault to find with his book except one. He has taken not merely unnecessary, but positively unwise, trouble to give a kind of succinct history of every one of the numerous European quarrels in which Lord Palmerston was mixed up, and we cannot help thinking that this attempt at embracing too much will have its usual effect. Well-informed people will not need the summaries, and ill-informed ones will hardly find them informing. When you have in a very brief space to give a critical account of a man's dealings with a large number of complicated matters, it is certainly the best plan to suppose or insist upon a certain knowledge of the details of these matters on the part of your readers. However, it is possible that Mr. Sanders may find partisans for his method of tackling the question. By something of an oddity he has given what general account he has to give of Palmerston's character and behaviour as Foreign Secretary at the beginning instead of the end of the book, and we should like this part somewhat enlarged. But, on the whole, readers will find here a very clear, well-informed, and orderly account of the life of the last English statesman whose career can be regarded with almost entire satisfaction by all good Englishmen. Even at the present

* *The Statesmen Series*. Edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. *Beaconsfield*. By T. W. Kebbel. *Palmerston*. By the Editor. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

day it is a joy to read again the famous passage, duly given by Mr. Sanders, in which Palmerston wrote:—

If Thiers [was Palmerston's reply] should again hold out to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you, and, with that skill of language which I know you to be a master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet of war, we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehmet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile.

Perhaps Mr. Sanders might have made clearer, what we are sure he would acknowledge to be the fact, that the result of Palmerston's nearly forty years of hectoring, and swaggering, and bullying, and any other "ing" that the Manchester School and its successors has charged or can charge against him, was as far as possible from being the engagement of England in war. On the contrary, his calm insolence kept her out of it, instead of dragging her in; and his foreign policy can never be said to have become disastrous until, in his extreme old age, he at last adopted a backward line. The Italian affairs of thirty years ago are matters which admit of considerable diversity of opinion; but we cannot help saying that Mr. Sanders shows something less than political acuteness when he defends the irresolution of the Palmerston Government in the matter of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and in the matter of avenging the oppression of Denmark. The first matter had, of course, no direct effect on European politics; but it had, as is now well known, much to do with the second; and that second, by awakening in the minds of Continental statesmen the notion that England was a *puissance finie*, as well as by its direct consequences, was the cause of all the evils of the last five-and-twenty years.

Still, on the whole, a true and well-intentioned book about Palmerston must, it may be repeated, always be among the most delightful of political biographies for an Englishman, who is an Englishman, to read. The hero was, of course, not a perfect character; and he had some of the defects of a typical John Bull (as Mr. Sanders points out, to talk of him as an Irishman is ludicrous) in an exceedingly well-developed form. He was an uncommonly keen partisan, and on one or two occasions he played the party and political game in a fashion likely to give some colour to the calumnies of those who say that a politician who is also a racing man will "do anything to win." He was a dreadful Philistine. His query on looking at the Soulanges majolica—"What good that rubbish would do to our manufacturers?"—must make every right-minded person groan, and it is to be feared that he was nearly as indifferent to poetry as to pottery. If he was by no means a bully, he was undoubtedly headstrong and overbearing to a degree which sometimes came near bullying in his dealings with weaker powers, and though he seems to have borne no actual malice, his forgiveness of even personal injuries was not quite up to the Christian standard. He was terribly insubordinate to dignities and not always too considerate to inferiors. But he was an Englishman through and through, not merely in his character, but in his sympathies; and when one compares the position of the country during his thirty years and more of direction of foreign policy with its position since, it is impossible not to groan with quite different energy from that of the afflicted amateur of majolica. Except that his cool, cynical way of expressing himself and of looking at things makes dithyrambs seem inapplicable to him, he merited every word of Macaulay's magnificent eulogy on Chatham's love for his country; and no higher praise, no praise that is half so high, can be accorded to an English statesman.

TATTERSALL'S RULES ON BETTING.*

THERE can be no question that Mr. Stutfield's little book gives a very valuable, intelligible, and compendious analysis of the laws of betting as recently revised by the Committee of Tattersall's, and he may fairly claim to have attained his modest desire "that he has succeeded in elucidating the meaning and principle of the rules, thus rendering their application to future cases more easy," though it is to be feared that he will fail to realize his further expressed hope "that he has rendered the labours of Sporting Editors lighter, by providing a work of reference for the most ordinary cases." He must, indeed, be sanguine if he imagines that the persons for whose benefit the sporting papers address such "Answers to Correspondents" as "You require to win more than one event out of three to win a treble event; think over it a little"—or, "You cannot expect to be paid if your horse did not win," will read this book, or understand if they do read it, or will in fact do anything but just what they do at present—namely, bet on an imaginary win, tie, or wrangle system of their own devising, and refer their ridiculous disputes to long-suffering editors, in hopes of some day getting an award contrary to justice. An impartial critic, Mr. Stutfield has been struck, as have many other people, with the inconsistency of the decisions from time to time given by the Committee of Tattersall's; but, as he acknowledges his indebtedness to the courtesy of that body in allowing him access to their

minute-book, he gratefully does his best to make such excuses as are possible. This is especially apparent when he is dealing with Rule II., which states that "In all bets there must be a possibility to win when the bet is made; you cannot win when you cannot lose," and which, he most truly observes, is expressed in language showing far superior draughtsmanship to that of the majority of these rules. Yet, their apparent simplicity notwithstanding, the words "possibility to win" have afforded constant openings for dispute and arbitration. We cannot but think the author strains a point in favour of Tattersall's when he says their decision was "clearly right" as to "Mr. King" at the Brighton Autumn Meeting of 1887. This horse was disqualified on the ground that the jockey who rode him was not qualified according to the conditions of the race, and the bets went with the stakes to the second horse; the backers of Mr. King having to pay, since they had a possibility of winning, because *non constat* but that a qualified jockey might have ridden at the last moment. Considering that for a race of this description, an immense proportion of the bets are made after the horses leave the paddock, it practically *constat* that there was no chance whatever of the jockey being changed, and that Mr. King's backers had no possibility of winning. Take again another case, that of Ringlet for the Grand National Steeplechase of 1887. The mare was disqualified from starting because her owner was in the Forfeit List at the time of her entry, but it was ruled by the Committee that her backers (and she had many) must pay. These unfortunate, however, were, to use a racing phrase, "never in it," their chance was absolutely nil, and nothing can well be feebler than a defence of this decision on the hypothesis that the mare *might* have won, and the fatal flaw *might* have escaped the notice of the lynx-eyed army of seekers after ground of objection till the seven days had elapsed, after which, under Rule IV., this objection would not have been valid.

Rule III. as to P.P. races is admirably well discussed, though the author seems to have missed the absurdity of making all races p.p. because the bookmakers, for their own advantage, had established a custom which was at variance with the previous law. The true nature of the agreement between backer and layer has never, to our knowledge, been so clearly set forth as in this chapter. So good and valuable is the definition that it must be given *in extenso*:—

The backer of a horse bets that his horse will win, and the layer of the odds against that horse does not so much bet that that horse will not win as that one of the other horses in the race will win; in other words, he backs the field. Until, therefore, the race is run the layer cannot say that he has won his bet, even though it may be impossible for the backer to win his.

The aspect of the question—namely, that the person who is said to lay against a horse in reality backs the field—cannot be too clearly grasped.

The case of Kaleidoscope at Ayr, 1879, is too long to enter into here; but Mr. Stutfield is we think wrong in supposing that even as late as 1885, there was any rule whereby bets could be declared off in the event of an alteration in the conditions of an open race. This omission has been supplied in the present revised code.

The comparatively new system of starting price (S.P.) betting is ably dealt with, and at some length. The burning question as to what paper regulates starting-price is here disposed of by quietly assigning the post of honour to the *Sporting Life*. We fancy that, if this book happens to be reviewed in the *Sportsman*, that journal will have a word or two to say on the subject.

Speaking of Rules VI. and VII. Mr. Stutfield does not fail to notice a very curious oversight on the part of the revising Committee, inasmuch as they have omitted to make any provision for the ordinary case of a dead heat, and were apparently satisfied with ruling what was to happen "If odds are laid in running or immediately after the horses pass the post, and a dead heat is the result"; though, as he justly remarks, it is impossible to see why the clause should be so limited. He is, however, wrong in saying that there is no rule of racing which provides that matches which result in a dead-heat are void, as he can see for himself if he will turn to the Appendix of his own book and read Rule XXXVI., sec. v.

On Rule IX., which enacts that "Bets made after a race that the winner will be disqualified stand, even if no objection be raised," the opening sentence of comment is thus singularly worded:—"A lie of this kind is often resorted to as a sort of hedge to enable a backer whose horse has won to protect himself from loss should he have reason to suppose that his horse will be disqualified." One can hardly imagine but that the word "lie" must be a misprint; for, if a man has taken 500 to 100 about a horse, and in the course of the race sees, or thinks he sees, a cross or jostle which may cause the horse to be disqualified (this is the very instance given in the book), and therefore takes on the spot 200 to 100 that the horse is so disqualified, how can he be said to tell, act, or suggest a lie? Surely he would not be such a fool as to spoil his book unless he had good reason for thinking there was real danger of disqualification. It does not appear that on the whole Mr. Stutfield considers the old Rules of Betting to have been greatly improved by their recent revision; it will certainly be the opinion of most readers that the handiwork of the Committee of Tattersall's would have benefited had they called Mr. Stutfield into council.

* *Tattersall's Rules on Betting; with Explanatory Notes and Comments.* By G. Herbert Stutfield. London: Horace Cox.

THE FIRST NINE YEARS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*

NOT unfrequently have we had to break a lance with Mr. Thorold Rogers, not seldom to comment on public utterances of his which, no doubt in his view, breathed righteous indignation, but which to our apprehension were only unmeasured and angry words. With all the more pleasure, therefore, do we welcome this book, which, in language as well chosen as it is judicial and temperate, sets before its readers a history not only of the infancy of that great institution, the Bank of England, but of the stormy and critical years of the Revolution, with the fortunes of which it was so closely bound up, and which it did so much to support.

The part most interesting to the general reader is the summary (p. 102, and onwards) of events leading to the Spanish War of Succession, and of the arguments—chiefly, but not wholly, Tory arguments—against England's joining in the war. "Philip of Anjou, once he becomes King of Spain, must become a Spaniard, and must, *bon gré mal gré*, defend Spanish interests, especially against France; if not, his throne will soon be vacant. What care we whether a Philip or a Charles reigns in Spain? If the Spanish Empire falls to pieces, how does it interest us who appropriate the fragments? If Louis burns to emulate his predecessors, and help himself to the Italian provinces, will he do it the easier for having to pretend that it is in the interest of his grandson, and that he is securing his inheritance in Spain? If it is Holland that he covets, what need we care? Holland, indeed, has given us a king; but he's more than half a Dutchman, fills our best places with his countrymen, and makes Holland a sink of English silver. He hates the Church and loves our Puritan tyrants. Let Holland go!" The monied Whigs, too, founders and fautors of the Bank of England, followed on the same side, but with different arguments. They had no distaste to Dutchmen; they had welcomed the Dutch King, and willingly obeyed and supported him, and a dash of Puritanism was rather to their taste than otherwise; but they feared war, feared the destruction of their maritime commerce, and were willing to let Louis have his way, while they nursed the trade which they had created.

On the other side Mr. Rogers tells us of the opposite feelings of the men of Kent, who judged, with deeper insight, stimulated by their own nearness to France and their consequent liability to be the first to be devoured by a successful invader, the real dangers to be apprehended at the hands of Louis if allowed to consolidate his power by the conquest of Holland.

The difficulties of the King and nation are drawn in clear and graphic words. Louis, well aware of those difficulties, knew, as Mr. Rogers writes,

that the Emperor was poor, that Spain was helpless, that Holland alone, however resolute, was no match for him, and that England had deliberately disarmed herself. At one time England could have taken the field with an efficient army, and could have paralysed France at sea. To be sure, it was still important that England and Holland were the only two European States which could maintain armies. On the other hand, the resources of Louis were abundant, his army in a high state of efficiency, his ascendancy unquestioned, and his maxim, that the last pistol wins, was likely to be illustrated by his own success. The prize he sought for himself was the Low Countries, and it was for this region, as far as Louis and the allies were concerned, that the War of the Spanish Succession was actually fought.

The King of France was, besides, well seconded in all his wishes by the dissensions between the two Houses of Parliament, each without discipline, each led by evil and self-seeking counsellors. Mr. Rogers tells us of the "Legion Letter," and of the petition of the Men of Kent, both of them setting forth the discontent of a portion of the nation with those evil counsellors. He touches on the impeachment of the four Lords, but only to note where and how Marlborough's influence came in:—

It is noteworthy [he says] that he was among the peers who were willing to condemn Sommers. I cannot but think that this astute personage saw clearly enough that war was inevitable, and that his services would certainly be needed as soon as war was declared. But he was not willing to quarrel with a party which was, for the time being at least, in the ascendancy. . . . And, on the other hand, Marlborough knew perfectly well that if the English nation felt that their liberties were in danger, and even if their pride were affronted, they would effectually resent an insult. He therefore trimmed cautiously. . . . As he must have foreseen that war was inevitable, so he was perfectly alive to his own military abilities, and quite aware, whether the King lived or died, that he must be employed in high command.

In the early part of 1701 the King was practically left alone:—

Portland and Sommers had resigned their appointments. . . . Halifax, whose schemes had restored credit when it seemed almost destroyed, who had founded the Bank, restored the currency, invented a new and successful instrument of finance . . . was out of office, while Orford, the victor of La Hogue, and the instrument by which the naval power of France was effectually broken, and English commerce was relieved from swarms of privateers, was in retirement.

The reaction, indeed, came in that year, but too late for the King, broken in health as he was, to find pleasure in it. The death of James II., and the recognition by Louis of the Pretender as King of England, excited the anger and touched the pride of the great majority of the nation, whether they held or did not hold by the new settlement; and the opponents of the war were silenced.

Mr. Rogers dwells, in a few interesting pages, on all these

* *The First Nine Years of the Bank of England: an Inquiry into a Weekly Record of the Price of Bank Stock from August 17, 1694, to September 17, 1703.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.A. London: Henry Frowde.

events, on the power of France, and on her domestic and foreign policy,

because—owing to the early death of the great historian who undertook to narrate the reign of William, and performed his task, so far as he was able to complete it, with such exhaustive fairness—about fifteen months of the story, between the prorogation of the Parliament in June 1700 and the death of James in September 1701, are left untold.

For ourselves, we must say that while, with all Macaulay's readers, we must admit and admire the brilliancy of his narrative, we cannot but express our great surprise to find him, of all historians, credited with the virtues of "exhaustive fairness" and "scrupulous accuracy"; and we must continue to rank ourselves with those "dull persons" (p. xi.) who do not agree with Mr. Rogers on this point.

The historical portion of his book, interesting as it is in itself, finds a place in it chiefly because of the effect which events, domestic and foreign, had on the fortunes of the Bank of England.

The Bank was born amid political turmoil, and its infancy was beset by malignant political influences, and had, besides, to contend (as most reforms, good as well as evil, have to do) with prejudices, not only political, but religious, and against the cries of self-interest. All alike cried out upon the "Tonnage Bank," as they called it (from its first appearance in a Ways and Means Bill, 5 William & Mary, 1694). The Whigs feared that it would neutralize the Parliamentary control over the public purse which the Revolution had established; the Tories feared the success of the moneyed interest, of the Dissenting, semi-Republican interest, and dreaded a revival of "the reign of the Saints." The Goldsmiths hated it, alleging that it would absorb all the money of the country, and affecting to be "alarmed at the risks which honest merchants would run if they got into the clutches of the party of Grocers' Hall." The promoters of the Bank, on the other hand, prophesied, and prophesied truly, that the action of the Bank would infallibly tend to lower the rates of discount and interest, because it would utilize to the utmost both capital and credit. They might have added that the only truth in the charge that the Bank would absorb all the money of the country lay in its providing a great and central heart through which all the circulation of the country should flow and reflow, to the great economy of capital and furtherance of credit, and to the advantage of all traders, and especially of the successors of its quondam enemies the Goldsmith Bankers of Lombard Street.

Mr. Rogers compares the jealousies which then beset the Bank with those which in our day impede the issue of small notes. We think he treats too lightly a very difficult problem, and is, besides, in error in attributing the impediment to jealousy or prejudice. The convenience of such an issue is unquestionable; but that convenience may be bought too dear, especially by the poorer classes, who would be the chief sufferers by forgery. We doubt whether Mr. Rogers has fully computed the cost of making and maintaining such an issue or taken into account the political disadvantage which a large addition to the fiduciary issue might occasion in the diminution of the reserve of gold held in the pockets of the people.

Here, also, we must touch upon another point, where Mr. Rogers, a master of precise language, has allowed himself to fall into a confusion of terms. He speaks of *discounting* bills on Amsterdam, where he evidently means *negotiating*. Of course, where the money of two countries is of the same metal, bills may be negotiated at a discount or at a premium; but to discount a bill is, in mercantile language, to receive, less a certain deduction, at an earlier time than the due date, the sum which the acceptor has promised to pay. Such discount deals mainly with time; negotiation with time, also, but mainly with change of place, avoiding the transmission of specie from one country to another.

To return to the Bank; prejudice and self-interest did not content themselves with molesting. Their protests assumed the concrete form of a formidable rival; but our space forbids us to do more than call attention to Mr. Rogers's very interesting chapter on Hugh Chamberlain's abortive Land Bank, in the course of which he quotes largely from two pamphlets in defence of the Bank of England, one of which, written in 1696, urges the extension of the Charter, and the employment of the Bank as receiver of the revenue and banker of the State. The writer, while describing the conditions which go to secure the prosperity of a private banker, says:—

Now precisely the same conditions induce the credit or discredit of a public or national institution. Its fund must be inviolable, and neither king nor Parliament should tamper with it. Its management must be in the hands of men whose reputation is good, whose estate is ample, and whose prudence is assured. The security of the Bank must be as complete as the security of a mortgage, and should be as sacred.

Showing the same just appreciation of the sources of credit of a national institution as the other writer (probably Paterson) had shown in 1694 of the true principles of banking credit, namely:—

1. That all money or credit, not having an intrinsic value to answer the contents or denomination thereof, is false and counterfeit, and the loss must fall one where or other.
2. That the species of gold and silver being accepted and chosen by the commercial world for the standard and measure of other effects, everything else is only counted valuable as compared with them.
3. Wherefore all credit not founded on the universal specie of gold and silver is impracticable, and can never subsist neither safely nor long, at least till some other species of credit be found out and chosen by the trading part of mankind over and above or in lieu thereof.

The condition of the coinage and the mischief caused by its

deterioration, the difficulties and hardships attendant on the slow process of recoinage, are all most clearly set forth, as well as the effect of these circumstances on the struggling infancy of the central Bank. One cause of its prosperity was that its directors, customers, and shareholders were for the most part monied men, dwelling close to it; and Mr. Rogers incidentally gives a curious record of the low rents of the houses and shops which they occupied—a cheapness which must not, we think, be attributed to the difference in the value of money, but to the low rate of profit which, on the whole, was at that time produced by trade.

We take leave of Mr. Rogers with thanks for his gift of so much trustworthy information so agreeably given. He has done justice, but, we believe, no more than justice, to the great skill and perseverance with which the promoters and Directors of the Bank of England piloted the ship through the many storms which threatened it, succeeding in their endeavours because, with not a few shortcomings, they held in the main sound principles of banking. Their successors profited alike by their mistakes and by their good example; and, in the result, the traditions of the Bank are, as they ought to be, a storehouse of good experience in the management of that great institution and of its relations with the Government.

The five tables, by Houghton, Justin, and others, which are appended to the book show the fluctuations of Bank stock, of the Amsterdam Exchanges, of the price of guineas, and of the discount on bank-notes. They are interesting in part as indexes of the varying fortunes of the country, in part as barometers of the storms through which the Bank was passing in its early years. It passed, indeed, through many dangers in those nine years, and has known some hard times since then. If other troubles are in store for it, we think we may safely predict that Mr. Thorold Rogers's motto will still be applicable:—

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit.

NOVELS.*

MR. JOHN DALBY rather strains a point in calling his story *Mayroyd of Mytholm*, a "Romance" of the Fells; at least, if we are expected to accept the word romance in anything like its old-fashioned meaning. Nothing of the passion, joy, and woe, the daring adventure or high-souled enterprise, that we look for in romantic imaginings is here. As well might one take the baldest photograph of the bleakest side of a stony moor, and, placing it beside one of Turner's poetic visions of a northern hill, call it, too, a "landscape." In a sense it is a landscape, and neither valueless nor uninteresting; but it would not be a picture, any more than Mr. Dalby's grim version of a phase of life in the Fell country is a romance. Scarcely, indeed, can anything be conceived more removed from the glow, the fire, the fancy of romance than the sort of life the author has drawn in this story; and truthfully drawn, it is evident, as far as the limit of his composition goes. It is a life not devoid of a rough sensual element of enjoyment, and it has the one great advantage over city life the peasantry always command, free and constant exercise in fresh air; but almost every other source of pleasure above the sensual is absent. The shepherds and farm-labourers, and even the better class of small farmers, of these wild regions of Cumbrian hill and moor, as Mr. Dalby draws them, have little in their lives but hard work, drinking, and the immorality which follows hard on drunkenness. The drinking is stupendous. They "all did it, and did it fearfully hard, drinking enough in a month to kill twenty men in a city in that time." The whisky is kept handy on the sideboard in "decanter" in the better-off houses, and the object of callers seems to be its consumption neat, in wineglass after wineglass, until the "decanter" have to be sent down to the cellar to be replenished. When whisky is not at hand, ale, strongly peppered, forms an inadequate substitute. As a rule, the spirit prevails against the bracing air and active life, and "at last nature herself was forced, with all her allies, to break down before the repeated poison." No Arcadian shepherds there, and little heroism, to say nothing of refinement, in their lives. They know nothing of what goes on in the world outside their sheer parks and homesteads, and care nothing. When they have their annual "clip," or great sheep-shearing party, it resolves itself when the hard work of the day is done into a dance, which soon becomes an orgie, in which the manners of the fair sex have to be looked after as well as those of the youths, in the interests of decency. If a couple of men stand up for a wrestling match, the fine old English sport soon degenerates into "brutal battery," and the combatants, ignoring science, sprawl ignobly on the ground, punching each other blindly. The cock-fights are more worthy sporting incidents. The birds fight fair. The social gatherings in the pothouses end generally in bloody noses, not always exchanged in enmity, but rather as tokens of friendly interest. Darker stories of worse vice are, of course, behind. Surely these shades are laid on too heavily, or the author has confined himself too strictly to certain

limited fields of observation. He has not presented us with one domestic interior in which love and gentleness reign, and such there must be. Mayroyd of Mytholm, the respectable, who drinks amazingly, but is an honest man, has so little home tenderness that he seems scarcely to know the names of his children. Mr. Dalby writes English that is far from classical, but he writes it with spirit and vigour. We have said nothing about his story. There is a story, but it is not much—not at least much more than serves as an excuse for descriptions of local character, customs, and ways, and the introduction of sundry rustic stories, anecdotes, and experiences.

The enterprising reader who may carry off from the circulating library Mr. Gissing's novel *Joy Cometh in the Morning* under the impression that he is going to be startled by a sceptical, socialistic, sensational romance, will find out his error in the first page. Mr. Algernon Gissing is a writer entirely differing from Mr. George Gissing, and taking quite a different view of life. *Joy Cometh in the Morning* is a story of the good old fashion; struggling with no vexed social problem; concerned with no political or religious difficulty; accepting Church and State as they are (or as they were sixty years ago) as permanent arrangements under the panoply of which human beings work out their little lives, but with which they would as soon think of meddling as of interfering with the solar system. It begins delightfully with a stage-coach (His Majesty's mail-coach) drive from London to Worcester, with the regulation accident and overturn on the road to end it. Out of the beautiful rural region lying among the Cotswold and Malvern Hills into which the mail-coach has driven the hero, Mr. Roland Westgarth, neither he nor the reader is brought till the end of the tale. The country is graphically and charmingly described. The lanes and hedgerows and softly swelling hills; the quiet village streets and scattered cottage rows; the woods and grey church towers are all pleasantly sketched in as a background to the story—a perfectly fitted background, too. Nothing can be more simple and natural than the love-story of the two sweet sisters, plain English country maids, who both worship the hero and both come to so sad a conclusion of their dream. Mary Bransford is a heroine over whose portrait one cannot but smile in its amusing and charming contrast to the "realistic" heroine of the present. Mary is all blushes, smiles, and tears; she faints on the smallest provocation, and is overcome by confusion on trifling occasions. Self-will and self-consciousness are unknown to her, and the simple rule of her life is to do her duty and make other people happy. It is an old type, a little thrown into the background by the present mode, but likely to come into fashion again, and perhaps to endure. Mary is a pleasant creature to read about. So is the chivalrous and sentimental clergyman, Mr. Edward Copeland, who seems to have no views on theology to speak of, but is possessed of uncontrollable impulses to help the weak and oppressed. Mr. Algernon Gissing writes with subdued humour, knows how to touch a situation with restrained pathos, and keeps his pastoral romance strictly within the limit of his knowledge and sympathy. The result is a most agreeable story of English country life.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara's Russian story, *Narka*, has some very good points about it. It has a high moral tone, inculcates excellent principles, and it is, with the exception of a few trifling blemishes, correctly written. Besides all these, and what is perhaps more to the purpose, the story is readable. Probably every one who begins it will finish it. The weak part is the inadequacy of the author's dramatic gift. There is a disturbing sense of failure to present scenes which ought to excite in an exciting way. There are murders, and the murders do not thrill or terrify. There are Russian scenes in which there is no Russian atmosphere, effect, colour, or accent. There are passages of Parisian revolution in which we hear no street rows, see no barricades, are conscious of no red terror. It is not enough to import a couple of murders into your story and believe it sensational. Your murderer may be an utter bore, like any other man. Some murders make as poor reading as a law report in a morning paper. *Narka* begins with an assassination in a wood, which sounds well, but, in point of fact, is not well at all. We have not been made personally acquainted with either the murdered Russian gentleman or the supposed assassin. We have no interest in them, and, beyond a faint feeling of surprise that rational beings could suppose it likely that a pious old Roman Catholic priest should roam about a wood shooting Russian gentlemen, we have little interest in the transaction. The second homicide (one falls involuntarily into the reporter's style) takes place in Paris, in the quarter of revolutionary émeute, and is even more prosaic in its details. "Ivan clenched his hand, and hit out at him; but Schenk stepping aside in time avoided the blow. . . . Schenk drew his cane-sword and ran him through the body. Ivan staggered and then fell heavily to the ground." It then appears in a legally attested dying confession that it was Ivan, and not the good old priest, who shot the Russian gentleman in the wood. Incidents of this kind are mentioned in a casual kind of way which deprives them of intensity. Miss O'Meara may possess gifts of dramatic composition, but they have not been displayed in *Narka*. What is shown is a certain insight into shades of difference in feminine character and a power of natural delineation of such. The three young women, Sybil, the Russian princess, Marguerite de Beaucrillon, the French sister of charity, and Narka, the Jewess, stand out with distinct characteristics, though they are characteristics of feminine nature, not of race. They are, however, at least definite

* *Mayroyd of Mytholm: a Romance of the Fells*. By John Dalby. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

Joy Cometh in the Morning: a Country Tale. By Algernon Gissing. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Narka. By Kathleen O'Meara. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

creatures. The author is not so successful with the men. The only man in the story whose outline has been sketched with nervous energy is Schenk, the hero of the cane-sword. He is a doctor who practises vivisection, and Miss O'Meara objects strongly to vivisectionists. Nihilist agitators, revolutionary leaders, secret murderers, and such fearful wild-fowl would seem to be rather beyond the range of Miss O'Meara's talent, and they show awkwardly in the setting of her graceful and womanly writing.

LAMB'S LETTERS.*

WITH these two volumes Canon Ainger concludes his labours in Lamb literature. We have only one regret in connexion with the series—a regret that their casual character has prevented him from styling them definitely vols. i. ii. iii. &c. of *Lamb's Works*. Even now it might be worth while to issue title-pages for the benefit of those who care to bind up their sets; or, failing this, it would be some consolation if the "Life" written for the "Men of Letters" could be reprinted in similar form. Of Canon Ainger's equipments as an editor we have already spoken in noticing the volume of *Lamb's Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays* he published in 1884, and there is no reason to repeat or to modify that opinion now. Nothing, in one way, is more characteristic of his wise quality of restraint than the passages of his "Introduction" in which he speaks of his predecessors—an almost infallible test of literary *savoir-vivre*. Where an editor falls furiously upon those who have gone before him, it is generally to be observed that he himself leaves a good deal which is open to the censure of those that follow. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, for example, in the edition of *Lamb's Letters* which he put forth about two years ago with Messrs. Bell, dwelt virtuously upon the "aloofness," the "inaccuracy," the ignorance of English, and so forth, which (he said) had characterized Lamb's first biographer, Talfourd. Having done this, he proceeded (as it was our pleasing duty to demonstrate abundantly) to exemplify most of these undesirable features in his own person. No good end is served by gibbeting a predecessor, even if he deserves it; and the last speaker for the moment has manifestly so much advantage on his side that leniency of language should be easy. It is needless to say that, both with regard to Talfourd and Mr. Carew Hazlitt, Canon Ainger expresses himself becomingly; and he brings out very forcibly one at least of the causes which have to answer for the shortcomings of Talfourd's two memorials—the fact that the large suppressions and omissions in the first volume were rendered unavoidable by the circumstance that Mary Lamb, whose tragic story was intricately interwoven with her brother's career, was still surviving when that volume was published. After her death Talfourd issued the supplementary *Final Memorials*. In doing this he obviously did not take the best course, nor did he do the work in the best and most workmanlike way. But there is, nevertheless, some force in his contention (and it may have also been his publisher's contention) that an entirely new edition would have been unfair to the buyers of his earlier book, although it is a plea not often put forward; and it must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of his undertaking were considerable. His softening down of some of Lamb's skittish expletives is less defensible; but even this Mr. Ainger shows to have been exaggerated; and, at all events, it was partly justified by the larger editorial license of his day.

But it is unnecessary to linger longer with Talfourd, whose labours, for all practical purposes, are superseded by the present collection. It comprises most of the additions which have been made to the correspondence by successive editors, as well as some letters not hitherto published, and, as far as it has been possible to ascertain the dates, a chronological sequence has been attempted. Where Mr. Ainger has been able to consult the descendants of Lamb's correspondents he has done so. Bernard Barton's daughter, Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, has aided him in throwing a light upon her father's communications, and the late Mrs. Procter entrusted him with the originals of those to "Barry Cornwall." Other contributions have been supplied by Mrs. Cowden Clarke (Lamb's Mary Victoria Novello), and a fresh group has come from Mr. Robert W. Dibdin, being some dozen epistles addressed by Lamb to his uncle, John Bates Dibdin, a grandson, and apparently a rhyming grandson, of the author of "Tom Bowling." Another series of autographs, the originals of the letters to Thomas Manning, the Orientalist and traveller, have been lent to the editor by the Rev. C. R. Manning, Rector of Diss, and the examination of these has revealed the existence of some further specimens hitherto unprinted, to one of which we shall presently refer. Finally, the portrait in the first volume is now for the first time engraved, and thereby hangs a tale. In a letter from Lamb to Cottle—"Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos," as the *Anti-Jacobin* has it—reference was made to an unidentified set of "Likenesses of Living Bards," among which Cottle's portrait was to appear. It had been stated confidently that the collection intended was a book called *Effigies Poeticæ*, issued in 1824, but it was discovered upon inspection of this that Cottle's portrait did not form part of it. Then, by odd chance, the actual volume came to light. It proved to be

simply a copy of Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which its first possessor, one of Lamb's colleagues in the India House, had amused himself by "extra-illustrating," as the catalogues say, with portraits and engravings of the poets and *littérateurs* praised or pilloried in that youthful satire. "Boetian Cottle, rich Bristow's boast," here naturally found his place, although Lamb in asking for his likeness does not seem to have thought it necessary to enlighten him as to its destination. But the volume disclosed another secret. Lamb himself, who figured with Charles Lloyd in a contemptuous couplet as a follower of Southey and Wordsworth, was also included in the gallery. The solitary water-colour drawing in the book was a hitherto unknown portrait of him by G. F. Joseph, A.R.A., and an engraving of this forms Mr. Ainger's frontispiece. It gives us the Lamb of three or four and thirty, with dark, penetrating eyes, grave face, and black hair still untouched with white.

It would be superfluous to dwell once more upon the charm, intangible and indefinable, of Lamb's letters—a charm which eludes analysis as it defies imitation. You may mimic the intonations, but you cannot produce the voice. Perhaps this is the reason why the clever author of *Letters to Dead Authors* has no epistle to "Elia." But, in the absence of successful pastiches, Mr. Ainger is able to give us some additional samples of the original for which every Lamb-lover should be duly grateful. Several of the letters to Dibdin are in the best and most genuine Lambesque, and certainly do not need the slightly apologetic tone with which they are introduced. Who but Lamb, writing a first letter to a correspondent whose full name, hitherto sheltered "under the peace-cod of initiality," he has but just learned, would tell him that "his slender anatomy—his skeletonian D—was now fleshed and sinewed out to the plump expansion of six characters," or would endeavour to conceive his unknown manner of face as "a careworn, mortified, economical, commercio-political countenance"! But the gems of this group are the two letters written to amuse his friend at Hastings, where he is in seclusion for his health. What could be more engagingly fantastic than his outburst over the tiny church at Hollington, "which is a very Protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit who was at once parishioner and a whole parish"—which he is to "bring away in his portmanteau"—which "seven people would crowd like a Caledonian Chapel"? And then he flings the bridle from his fancy. "It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed. If the glebe-land is proportionate it may yield two potatoes. Tithes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its first fruits must be its Last, for it would never produce a couple. . . . The still small voice is surely to be found there, if anywhere. A sounding board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for 'twould feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. *Go and see, but not without your spectacles* (the italics are Lamb's)." Swift, one imagines, who wrote not dissimilarly on the little house by the churchyard of Castlenock, must surely have cried *Vive la bagatelle!* to this kindly and frolicsome fooling.

But an even better specimen of the Lamb manner is to be found in a new letter to Manning, which untoward chance has remanded to the half-light of a note. In January 1801 Lamb had already borrowed and read the second volume of Wordsworth's recently-published *Lyrical Ballads*, when he received a copy from the poet himself. This he acknowledged in a letter printed by Mr. Ainger, which he was so unfortunate as to wind up by saying that he did not "feel any one poem in it [the second volume] so forcibly as the *Ancient Mariner*, and the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Lines at Tintern Abbey' in the first." To be sure, he had praised "The Song of Lucy" ("She dwelt among the untrodden ways"); had said that another piece "made him cry"; had described a character in a third poem as Shakspearian, and delivered himself, as usual, of some fine and discriminating criticism. But, then, he had concluded with that unhappy tailpiece! He tells the result to Manning. "All the North of England (he says) are in a turmoil. Cumberland and Westmoreland have already declared a state of war." Wordsworth, who, when the acknowledgment of other poets' works was in question, confessed to an "almost insurmountable aversion from Letter-writing," replied "almost instantaneously" in "a long letter of four sweating pages," expressing sorrow that his second volume had not given more pleasure, and adding that "he was compelled to wish that Lamb's range of sensibility was more extended, being obliged to believe that he would receive large influxes of happiness and happy Thoughts." He then went on to dilate upon the union of Tenderness and Imagination which "he was most proud to aspire to"; and afterwards underscoring, in illustration, certain quoted lines of his own, added:—"This Passage, as combining in an extraordinary degree that Union of Imagination and Tenderness which I am speaking of, I consider one of the Best I ever wrote." Surely there is no comment on this but *risum teneatis!* What is the more singular is that Coleridge also took up the cudgels, and wrote four other pages, "equally sweaty and more tedious," assuring Lamb that, "when the works of a man of true genius, such as W. undoubtedly was, did not please him at first sight, he should suspect the fault to lie in himself, and not in them, &c. &c." "What am I to do with such people?" says Lamb to his correspondent; "I certainly shall write them a very merry Letter." And no doubt he did, though Mr. Ainger does not print it.

Truth to tell, his criticism on this occasion, as always, seems to have been excellent, and his selection of "She dwelt among the

* *The Letters of Charles Lamb*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

untrodden ways" has been confirmed by two generations of readers. And who shall gainsay his later words to Manning? "It [the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*] is full of original thinking and an observing mind, but it does not often make you laugh or cry. It too artfully aims at simplicity of expression. And you sometimes doubt if Simplicity be not a cover for Poverty." If this was too strong for Wordsworth, it was certainly true, and is still true, of Wordsworth's school. But it is easy to understand how, to the slow-motioned egotism of the seer of Grasmere, dragging its lengthening "chain of valuable thoughts," Lamb's light-armed manner must have seemed little short of profanity. And yet, as his latest editor observes, Lamb's finest and first-developed faculty is his critical insight, a faculty nowhere more freely and freshly exhibited than in the running comments of his correspondence. It is delightful to see his unerring pounce of appreciation upon a vivid descriptive line such as Coleridge's—

This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month ;

or a graphic felicity such as Wordsworth's—

The stone-chat and the glancing sand-piper ;

to note his eager intolerance of the trite, the trivial, or the pretentious, his intuitive sympathy with true poetry, however hidden or obscured. Canon Ainger is right in laying stress upon this aspect of Lamb's genius, and, in doing so, he is only adding one more to the many services he has so conscientiously rendered to Lamb's memory and work.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

DR. NORMAN KERR is an apostle of total abstinence, and his status as a doctor of medicine gives greater weight to his opinion than attaches to that of the ordinary teetotaler. In company with others of his way of thinking he would call the cause which he has espoused that of *temperance*, thereby indulging in what is, in our estimation, a misapplication of terms. Another method of begging the question adopted by enthusiasts of this class is to call all beverages containing alcohol "intoxicants," thus insinuating that the main (if not the only) purpose for which they are consumed is the production of drunkenness. As reasonably might we speak of tea and coffee as sleep destroyers, because, when taken too largely, they produce insomnia; or of tobacco as an emetic, because its injudicious use commonly produces sickness. We must also take exception to the author's assertion that "all the alcohols are poisonous—are irritant, narcotic, anesthetic poisons." Had he told us that *in excess* they are so, his statement would undoubtedly have been correct; but, in the opinion of the majority of competent persons who have impartially investigated the question, ethylic alcohol, in quantities not exceeding an ounce or an ounce and a half daily, has no deleterious effect. We entirely sympathise, however, with Dr. Norman Kerr in viewing inebriety as a *disease*, and are well assured that, unless we regard it as such, we shall have but little chance of affording succour to the unhappy subjects of it. We think that he scarcely lays sufficient stress on the fact that, although temperance is frequently a matter of heredity, or induced by definite physical disease, yet chronic or periodic inebriety is often acquired by otherwise healthy individuals from undue indulgence in the pleasure derived from the imbibition of alcoholic drinks. The author's great experience in the treatment of inebriates enables him to give us much sound advice on this subject. He rightly places the entire withdrawal of all beverages containing alcohol as the first and most essential measure, without which all other treatment will be almost useless.

It has seldom been our misfortune to meet with, in so small a compass, such an amount of false logic, ignorance, and credulity as is displayed in Mr. Godfrey's pamphlet. He starts with the entirely baseless assumption that the human body is a *highly organized cell*, and finishes his first paragraph by the astounding assertion that, "literally and physically, the nervous system is the human being." It is, of course, true that our body originates in a single embryonic cell; but, until this has developed into countless numbers of cells, variously modified in form and function, there is no human frame.

The author's ignorance of diseased conditions and the means by which many of them may be removed is evidenced by his disbelief in the existence of what are commonly, but perhaps not very happily, called *specifics*. It is beyond dispute that syphilis can almost always be cured by mercury, ague by quinine, and rheumatic fever by salicylate of soda.

The author apparently expects the credulity of his readers to equal his own when he asks them to believe in the cures which he relates as having been effected by "dry food" and physical exercise. In some cases he does not even think it necessary to state the nature of the disease by which the patients were affected. We fear that the number of ills to which flesh is heir is not likely to be reduced by the light which Mr. Godfrey throws on the subject.

* *Inebriety: its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence.* By Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S. London: H. K. Lewis. 1888.

Disease: its Prevention and Cure by Simple Natural Means, in special relation to the ailment of His Majesty the Emperor Frederick of Germany. By Charles G. Godfrey. London: Grevel & Co. 1888.

TWO ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.*

THE ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is now almost complete, having reached Vol. XXIII. and the word Upsala. There cannot remain much more to do than is contained in the whole of T and the greater part of U which fill this volume. The new edition has been what the translator from the French would probably call a long-winded work, and has steadily kept on the very respectable level of excellence at which it started. The letter and half-letter composing this volume include several subjects requiring treatment at considerable length, and they have not been grudged their due space. One hundred pages have been given to the United States, whereof the History is written by Professor Alex. Johnston, and the Geography and Statistics are treated by Professor J. D. Whitney and General F. A. Walker. These hundred pages, or two hundred columns, amount in bulk to a volume as large as or larger than an ordinary text-book in a series. They very properly have an index to themselves, which adds materially to their usefulness for purposes of reference. It would be out of place to notice what is, in fact, an independent work at any length here. He who is in search of facts, figures, and available knowledge may refer to it with reasonable certainty of finding his material. The States are fortunate in this volume; for, in addition to the general sketch, Tennessee and Texas have special articles. They also have the majority of the maps at the end, of which, without undertaking to guarantee their precise accuracy, we are prepared to assert that they are singularly clear and neatly executed. The accuracy of maps is a dangerous thing to guarantee. We have known map-makers of great and deserved reputation who, in a moment of human weakness, have put Brixham far on the wrong side of Berry Head; and they were English, too—more shame to them! Generally speaking, this volume is rich in geographical articles. Prince Kropotkin continues his series of Asiatic papers, and contributes Turkestan. Turkey also comes in (History and Literature, E. J. W. Gibb and C. A. Fyffe; Geography and Statistics, Professor A. Keane); Thibet, Tunis, Tasmania (James Bonwick), and others. For its length's sake we name the article Typography here, the authors being Messrs. T. H. Hessels and John Southwadel. It is thirty pages long, full of facts, and illustrations. If we have any fault to find with it, it is on the ground that the historical portion is too much broken up, and is a thought confused. But, then, it is not easy to attain to a flowing elegance when a large and complicated subject has to be crowded into a short space.

The literary articles are a great resource when one has to turn over these stout red volumes; and in this there are several, and good. Mr. W. H. Pollock's Thackeray will be "an original authority" for that life and fall critical estimate which ought some day to be written of the wisest, the wittiest, and the most literary of the English novelists of these two generations, and the undoubted equal of the greatest in our literature. Mr. Pollock's article, though moderate in length, is a complete survey of the master's work, and of as much of his life as it is possible, not to say becoming, to touch on as yet. Theocritus very properly is written of by Mr. Lang, to whom he belongs. Mr. Lang has also taken Tales, which are another part of his extensive literary property. That Professor Jebb should do Thucydides was as it should be, and it was equally correct to assign Tieck to Dr. Garnett. Mr. Swinburne is at home in descanting on the merits of what came out of the capacious tragic mouth of Cyril Tournear. He is brief (a bare column), but very opulent in adjectives of the noblest kind. Thiers falls to Mr. Saintsbury, who likes the "go" of that distinguished man, is to his faults, we will not say a little blind, but handsomely considerate, and kind to his merits. For the rest, there is sound criticism (as is usual with Mr. Saintsbury) and shrewd knowledge of human nature in his estimate of Thiers's alleged dishonesty. From literature it is only a step to Theology, on which there are sixteen pages here from the pen of Professor Flint—no excessive space for so great a subject. Professor Middleton, who is a valued friend to such as use the cyclopædia, comes to their help here with articles on Terra Cotta and Textiles, which should be a guide to the doubter who would like to be artistic and does not quite know how. He is also part-author with Mr. J. Williams of an article on the Theatre. The legal part of the subject falls to Mr. Williams, who also discourses of Treason and of Torture. Torture seems to lead quite naturally to Tort, a thing of mystery, concerning which Mr. F. Pollock will instruct the student. Of the purely historical articles, that on the Templars, by Mr. F. A. Archer, will be generally thought the most interesting. There are few more wonderful things in all history than the story of the Order which played so great a part and ended in such a dreadful catastrophe. Besides, a great writer adds to the importance of whatever he touches, and no one can forget Michelet's trial of the Templars. Mr. Archer, in common with other authorities, comes to the conclusion that there was a basis of truth to the horrible charges brought against the Order. Some of their practices were distorted and misinterpreted, but there was a party among them which was guilty of the blasphemy and indecency for which all suffered. Major-General Sir F.

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica: a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.* Ninth edition. Vol. XXIII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1888.

Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. I.—A to Beaufort. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia, U.S.: Lippincott Company. 1888.

Goldsmid has a longish article on Timur, which we like none the less because he takes note of the Tartar's part in English literature. Of miscellaneous articles there is of course a copious supply. It will be enough to name Targum (Dr. S. M. Schiller-Sainessey), if indeed this ought not to be counted as literary and historical; Tennis (Julian Marshall), Tonnage (W. Moore), Treaties (Professor T. E. Holland, D.C.L.), and Tricycle (C. V. Boys). This last should have a large and interested class of readers in these days.

The Editor of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* must have difficulty in managing to pack all he wishes to have said into the narrow limits imposed by the form and size of his publication. On the whole, the work appears to be well done. Facts stated as compactly as may be, with an abundance of dates, references, and names of authorities, are what are required from an encyclopædia of this class. It is not easy under these conditions to secure either literary excellence or fulness of treatment, but these are not what are primarily looked for in a book of reference. For the rest there is nothing scrappy or meagre in *Chambers*. It professes only to give the bones and sinews of a subject, but it gives them. How careful the editors have been in making their list of articles exhaustive may be seen from the fact that they have included "Æstheticism," the modern "movement," so called, among them. The notice is brief, but sensible and fair. There is little or no trace of that partisan spirit which is a gross fault in a book for common use. One trace of it we do find in the article on Lord Beaconsfield, which would seem to be the work either of a Radical who is trying desperately to be fair, or of a very high-and-dry Tory of the Scotch stamp who had to hold himself in with both hands so as not to be rabid. Turning over this volume in search of subjects which had been omitted we have been disappointed. Everything seems to be there which should be between A and "Beaufort." It may be observed that, although the letters are so wide apart, this first volume of *Chambers* has one article in common with the twenty-third of the *Britannica*. It is the "Arabian Nights," which appears in the larger work under the heading of "Thousand and One Nights." Their length varies; but they do not contradict one another. It is no small recommendation to *Chambers* that it is much more handy than its big rival. The volume can be held in the hand for a reasonable space without pain. The type is clear and the numerous illustrations are well printed. One fault only is to be found with its get-up. The headpiece is the offending spot. It presents to the eye of the reader the scraggiest of Minervas, hollow-cheeked and pallid, with a weighty owl on her forefinger, turning a bony back on a very limp industry. Perhaps the starved appearance of the goddess is designed as a satire on the insufficient endowments of the Scotch Universities.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FEW, if any, of the recent publications ranking midway between the costly magnificence of copper or steel engraving of the old kind and the merely cheap and popular handbook have been more interesting and welcome than Vicomte H. Delaborde's *Marcantonio* (1). Black-and-white naturally lends itself to reproduction in black-and-white (even with media of inferior precision and artistic beauty) better than colour; and the rich illustrations of this handsome volume exhibit in very large variety the masterly style of the great Bolognese. The author has divided his book into two parts, a short biography—for the life of Marcantonio is but little known—and an exhaustive catalogue. In both, of course, the famous, if risky, subject of the *Modi* comes in—that notorious collection which has been the subject of mysterious allusion and constant mistake, and the oddest thing about which is, after its wide dispersion, its complete disappearance, except (and even this exception is not quite certain) a single plate at Vienna and nine mere fragments in London. M. Delaborde has handled this difficult matter with good sense and good taste, and it is a distinct gain that the spuriousness of certain forgeries, prompted by motives as obvious as discreditable, should be pointed out. Another common mistake here rectified is that Aretino was the originator of the series, instead of its commentator afterwards. In less ticklish matter M. Delaborde's observations on Marcantonio's imitations (piracies, the harsh might them call) of Dürer are interesting, though perhaps he does not impress on the reader quite clearly enough the enormous advantage which this imitation gave to the Italian, who was certain to discard the German harshness and ugliness, but might hardly have dispensed with the German science and strength.

The second part of "Lucien Perey's" History of Hélène Massalska (2) is biographically more interesting than the first. In the former part we merely had the picture of a girl who enjoyed the privileges of a Continental young married woman rather well than wisely. The second has both poetic justice and dramatic interest. Hélène's passion for her second husband, the exceedingly married Count Vincent Potocki (hero of the story, with some truth in it apparently, how a husband once found himself in the same room with three wives of his, two divorced and one actual), lasted till her death, and it was in a way returned. But there were endless money difficulties; the pair had got themselves married

in such a hurry that for two years at least they can only be regarded as having been married at all by a kind of courtesy; successive children died, and, worst of all, the amiable Potocki, though quite content to love Hélène, was not equally content to love nothing but her. Detestable waiting women ("La Karwoska"), Court ladies at different Courts, and the discarded Countess Anna herself, inflicted dreadful woes on Prince Charles de Ligne's not wholly guiltless widow. But the story is lively. And through it all the Prince de Ligne himself shows occasionally—easy-going, tolerant, kindly, witty, judicious, a model of an eighteenth-century gentleman. If only for establishing, instead of overturning, models, we should bless "Lucien Perey."

Count d'Hérison is, or has been, a sometimes amusing writer; but his perpetual finding fault is rather wearisome, and we fear that he is becoming something like a book-maker. His book on Metz (3), though professedly an apology for Marshal Bazaine, is much more an attack on other people, and it is spun out with all manner of elaborate and ill-digested material, which sometimes has next to no bearing on the question, and sometimes should have been not given in full, but summarized and dismissed with the utmost brevity. Thus the Count takes a whole page to give us in full three formal notes from Marshals Lebœuf, Canrobert, and McMahon, very properly refusing to say anything about the matter, translates Mr. Archibald Forbes for a whole chapter, and so forth. This, we repeat, is not book-writing; it is book-making.

M. Janet in these essays reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (4) is careful to impress on us the fact that he is not in the least attempting literary criticism, but merely studying his subject from the professional psychologist's point of view. Similar things have, of course, been done in English and with English writers; but we own that we do not think the results have been interesting, except with the same kind of interest which attaches to silver fiddles and castles made of wice corks. Literature is not life, though the connexion between them is close; and literary criticism is different from criticism of life.

Among reprints or prints of previously uncollected or unpublished matter we have the ninth volume of the "Grands Écrivains" *Retz*, which M. Chantelauze unluckily has not lived to carry to its end.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *William of Germany*, by Archibald Forbes (Cassell & Co.), we have a concise and animated sketch of the life of the late German Emperor. Direct and simple in style, it is a skilful summary of history, and a good specimen of popular biography, such as meets the demand of the hour. Both in relating the stirring incidents of memorable wars and in tracing the development of the policy that resulted in the consolidation of the German Empire Mr. Forbes's narrative has a clear and agreeable fluency. The chapter on the eventful annals of 1870-71, for instance, in which the progress of the victorious army from the Rhine to Sedan is set forth, is a capital example of the art of epitome. Books intended for popular consumption seldom possess the vigorous grasp which is shown by Mr. Forbes's treatment of an imposing subject. Compression has not resulted in congestion, and what is necessarily but a rapid survey of a great and impressive career is as attractive as a story from an expert hand.

Some Hobby-Horses, by C. A. Montresor (Allen & Co.), is a discursive volume about some of the multifarious objects dear to collectors. Some of them are of perennial interest, and others are the sport of caprice or fashion. Postage stamps have had their day, which, if ever to be revived, may be stirred to a real awakening by Mr. Montresor's interesting chapter on one of the oddest fancies of collectors. Crests, seals, shells, and the almost infinite variety of scrapbook treasures, are treated in a liberal and sympathetic spirit in this book of hobby-horses. Everybody who owns a scrapbook ought to read the instructive and gossiping essay "How to keep a Scrapbook." Altogether, as the Scotchman said of Shakespeare's historical plays, there is a mass of information in this book, and the information is pleasantly conveyed.

Literature (Sampson Low & Co.) is the vague and immense title of certain essays on books and men of letters by Herman Grimm, the son of one of the brothers Grimm, translated by Sarah H. Adams, an American lady. The author was attracted betimes to the writings of Emerson, and produced two essays on the philosopher of Concord which, though slighter than others in this volume, are worth perusal. Dante, Dürer, the brothers Grimm, and Voltaire are the subjects of the remaining essays. Those on Voltaire and his age are the most notable in the series.

Border Ballads, edited by Graham R. Tomson (Walter Scott), is a small but fairly representative selection from Scott, Percy, Motherwell, and other collectors of popular song. Despite the title, the editor wanders somewhat ineffectually into certain observations derogatory to the poetic excellence of English ballads. This is so common a fallacy that it is hardly surprising to find it represented also in the notes in this little book, which are written by another hand. Thus the Robin Hood ballads are said to be "exceedingly English, long and dull." Absurd as this criticism is, it shows less insensibility or ignorance than

(1) *Marc-Antoine Raimondi*. Par le Vicomte H. Delaborde. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Histoire d'une grande dame*. Par Lucien Perey. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *La légende de Metz*. Par le Comte d'Hérison. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Les passions et les caractères dans la littérature du XVII^e siècle*. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the editor's remarks on the "phlegmatic" and "unimaginative" English pensantry. If, as seems probable, this collection was made in the interests of science and archaeology and not of pure poetry, the fact should have been set forth on a very different title-page.

Mr. James D. B. Gribble's translations from German poets—*Borrowed Plumes* (Trübner & Co.)—comprise a varied assortment of lyrics, romantic, didactic, satirical, the versions of which are given side by side with the originals. The advantages of this plan are obvious. The translator is courageous enough to address English and German readers, as his book is published here and in Germany. Mr. Gribble has a good deal to say on Heine's poetry and the right method of rendering that most elusive of poets into a foreign tongue. Those who can read Heine may well wonder why any one should attempt a task which good poets have found to be hopeless. Those who cannot perceive how far Heine is beyond translation cannot decide the delicate question as to the precise value of Mr. Gribble's essays. We have seen better versions, and worse.

A curious and interesting story is lucidly told in Mr. James Irvine Lupton's pamphlet on the *Recent Outbreak of Rabies among the Deer in Richmond Park* (Richmond: Lloyd). The question discussed by Mr. Lupton is of considerable public interest. Outbreaks of rabies among deer, such as that first suspected and finally proved to exist by Mr. Lupton, may easily recur; nor is there any doubt that the disease has long existed, though never before recognized. Mr. George Fleming, indeed, in a recent letter in the *Lancet*, cites an acknowledged instance that occurred in 1856 at Stainborough, near Barnsley; but the credit of awakening public and official attention is due to Mr. Lupton. His pamphlet ought to be widely circulated, being well written and temperate in tone.

The ironical tone adopted by Mr. John Davidson in his play, *Smith: a Tragedy* (Glasgow: F. W. Wilson & Brother), is suggestive of the pleasant way of the late Professor Aytoun when dealing with the Spasmodists. Certain poetic plays of the day appear to have inspired this little drama of an unconventional heroine and a super-idealized prig. Brown, Jones, and Robinson seriously discuss the hero Smith, who is a youth of unbounded assurance and a madman. He is variously estimated as "a baby," and as "uncultured," yet is the object of envy. He gains the love of Matilda, who is engaged to Brown, at first sight, or rather at first speech. He carries her off to a steep mountain, and the pair spurn the dull world by leaping down a precipice one lovely moonlit night, to the exceeding rage of Brown and the laughter of the villagers. There are plenty of girls like Matilda, but they are rare in Scotland.

Mr. Pocock's *Tales of Western Life* (Ottawa: Mitchell) is a volume of sketches of Canadian life reprinted from the local press, not without descriptive power, and interesting to readers who know nothing of Canadian half-breeds, whisky smugglers, and the life of the mounted police of the North-West. "The Whisky Runners" is a lively account of smuggling operations among railway navvies.

Men and Women of the Day (Bentley & Son) fully sustains the promise of its opening number. Excellent portraits of Mr. John Bright, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in *Clancarty* appear in the February number. Miss Ellen Terry—a delightful portrait—appears in the March issue, with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Herbert Spencer. The photograph of Mr. Chamberlain is by far the best we have seen. But all are deserving of a place on the wall rather than the obscurity of a portfolio.

Among our new editions are Professor A. W. Ward's *Chaucer "English Men of Letters"* (Macmillan & Co.); a selection from Emerson in the "Camelot Classics" (Walter Scott); *Maud and The Princess*, Vol. IV. of Lord Tennyson's Works (Macmillan & Co.); *A Treatise on Government*, translated from Aristotle by William Ellis (1771), in "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge); *Godolphin and Calderon, the Courtier*, "pocket-volume edition" of Lord Lytton's novels (Routledge); the eighth edition of *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock (Macmillan & Co.); the second edition of the Rev. J. J. Halcombe's *Gospel Difficulties due to a Displaced Section of St. Luke* (Kegan Paul & Co.); *A Family Affair and Living or Dead*, by Hugh Conway (Macmillan & Co.); *Tales from Pickwick*, in which we find also tales from *Nicholas Nickleby* (Routledge); the twelfth edition of Dr. David Page's *Introductory Text-Book of Geology*, revised by Charles Lapworth, LL.D. (Blackwood & Co.); Dr. Robson Roose's *Gout* (H. K. Lewis); the fourth edition of *London of To-day*, an illustrated handbook for the season; and *Old Boston*, an American historical romance, by A. de Grasse Stevens (Orpington: Allen).

We have also received a *Manual of the Andamanese Language*, by M. V. Portman (Allen & Co.); the *Articles of the International Copyright Union* (Longmans & Co.); *Indian Fibres and Fibrous Substances*, a report on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition (E. & F. N. Spon); *Soldiers' Shooting*, by Lieutenant H. de B. Hovell (Chatham: Gale & Polden); *Housekeeping Trials*, by "Lena" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Gems, Talismans, and Guardians*, a nativity book, by Ten. Alcott (New York: Wiley); *Italia*, a monthly magazine, No. 3, for March (Trübner & Co.); *The Book Fund and its Work*, by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore & Alabaster); *Which Sovereign—Queen Victoria or the Pope?* by Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. (Morgan & Scott); *Down with England*, a translation of *Plus d'Angleterre* (Chapman & Hall); and *Both Sides of the Question*, being the speeches of Mr. John Morley and Lord Randolph Churchill at the Oxford Union (Oxford: Blackwell).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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